Vol. XLIV. No. 2271

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

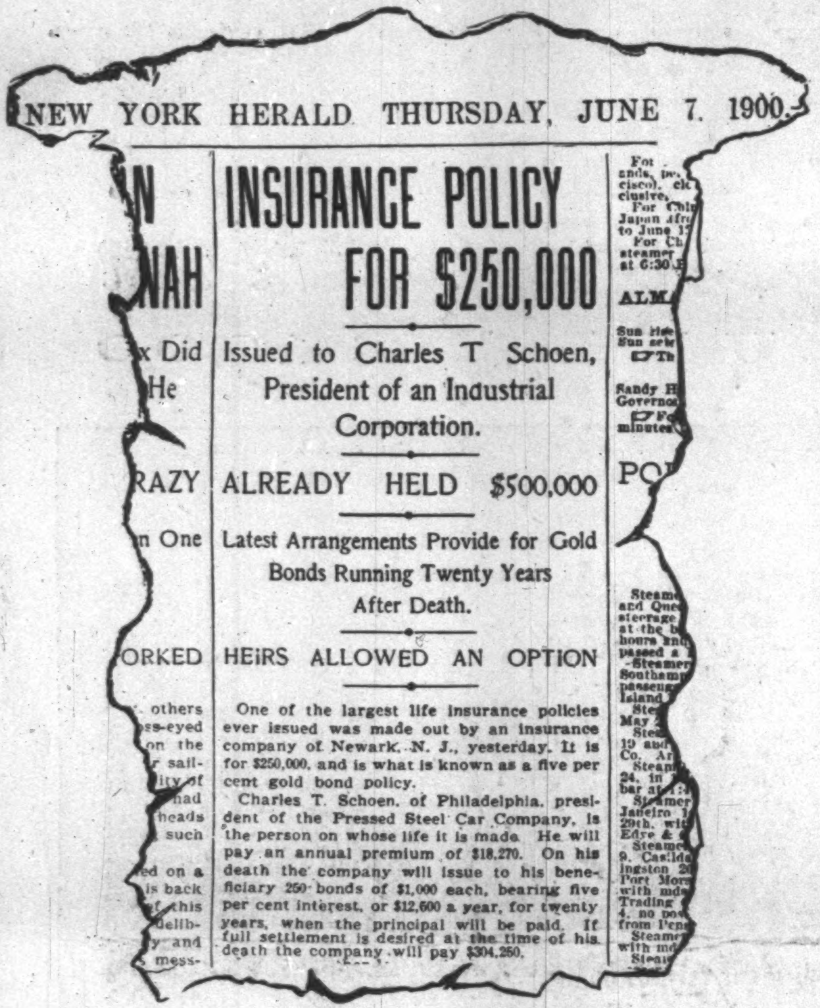
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JUNE 30: 1900

DRAWN By WILLIAM NICHOLSON for HARPER'S WEEKLY

William McKinley

The Prudential



NEW YORK HERALD THURSDAY, JUNE 7. 1900.

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ILLUSTRATION

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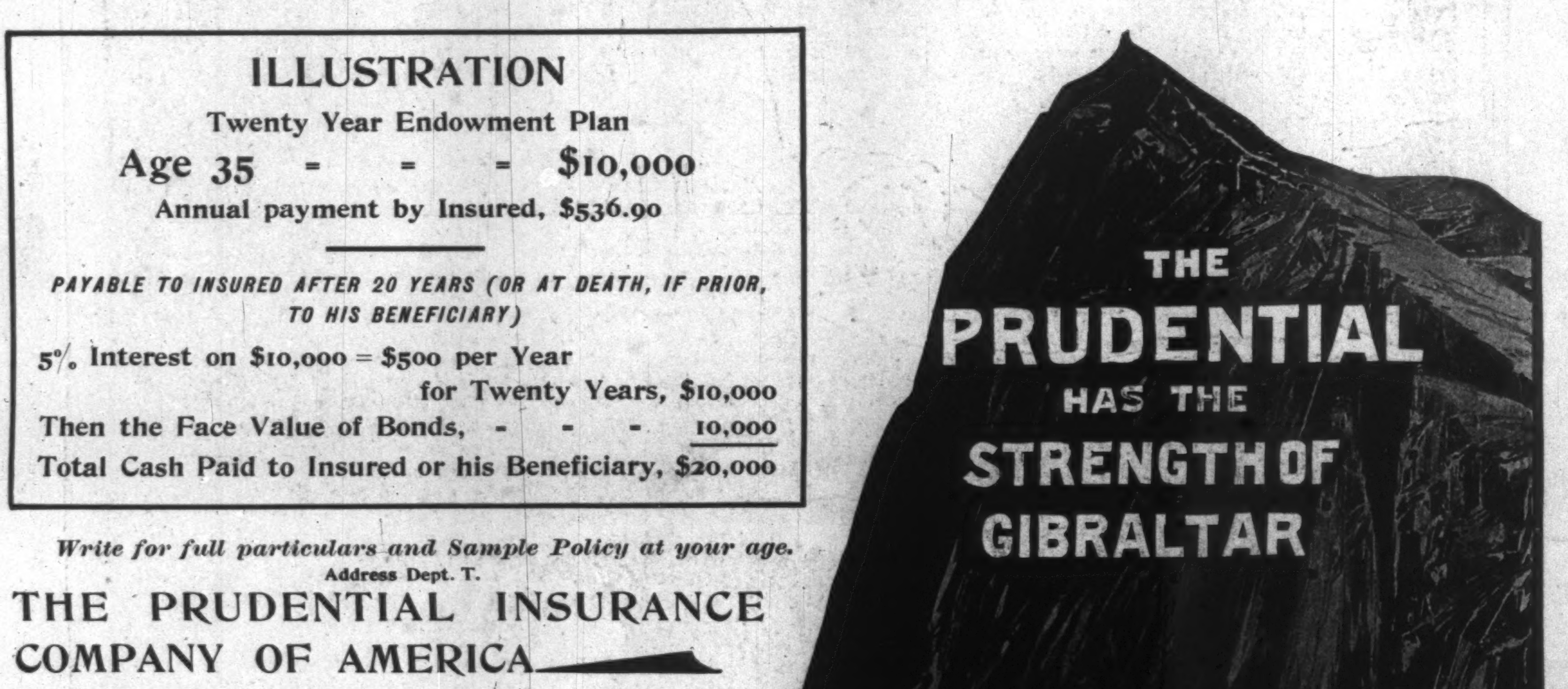

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1900

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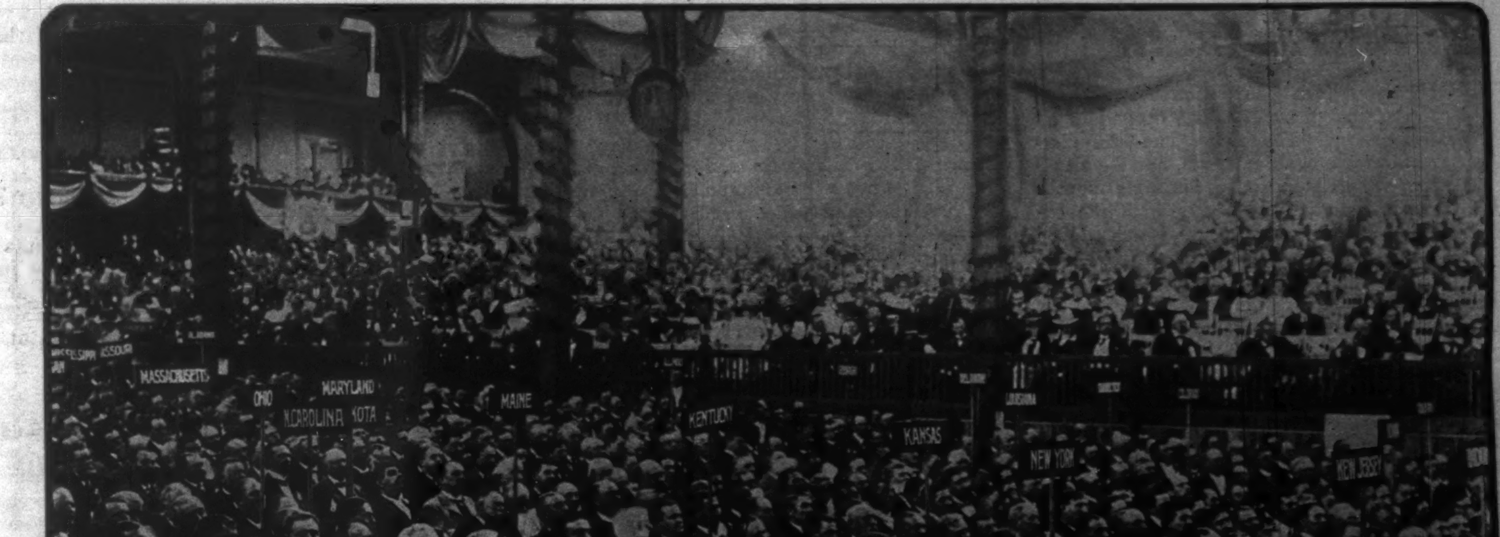


THE DELEGATES AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The New York and New Jersey delegations occupied seats nearest the speakers' platform. Senator Platt may be found directly under the sign "New York." Governor Roosevelt may be located about two inches back of Senator Platt, Senator Depew an inch farther, and Ex-Secretary Bliss about the same distance back of Mr. Depew. Senator Lodge may be found sitting just in front of the man directly under the sign "Massachusetts."

HARPER'S WEEKLY
1857 1900
Twenty-Four Pages
10 CENTS A COPY
$4.00 A YEAR In Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, The Philippine Islands, Guam & Tutuila, Samoa
JUNE 30, 1900
HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS
Franklin Square
NEW YORK
45 Albemarle Street
LONDON

The Nomination

THE Republican Convention has met, and the campaign of 1900 has opened in all seriousness. The ticket and the platform are before the people, but the situation which has existed for some months past is practically unchanged, for, with the exception of the single detail as to who should be the President's running mate, we have known all along with a great degree of certainty what the gentlemen at Philadelphia proposed to do. So far as the head of the ticket is concerned, no one is surprised and no one is disappointed over the outcome. The inevitable has happened, and it is a satisfaction to be able to say that in this particular instance the inevitable is an agreeable eventuality. No man in high official position has ever been able to please everybody. Strong men make strong enemies, and Mr. McKinley is no exception to the rule; but when we look back upon his career as President we are convinced that no fair-minded person can deny that he is entitled to the gratification which must be his in the moment of his renomination by acclamation. The perplexities of his office have been great. Problems that have confronted no other administration have been his to solve. That he has not solved them wisely and well no man may say, because there is nowhere to be found evidence that alternative solutions would in the end have brought about more satisfactory results. Time alone can demonstrate whether the President might or might not have done better. In a land where one of the essential characteristics of the people is a love of fair play, on debatable propositions judgment should be suspended, and the individual upon whom responsibility rests should be given the benefit of such doubts as may exist. One thing is certain, and that is that in every one of his conspicuous official acts the President has shown himself to have been actuated by the highest and most honorable motives, and to have been prompted by the single and sincere purpose of serving his country according to the best of his abilities. Despite the frothy utterances of captious critics and dyspeptic malcontents who at Philadelphia did not venture to show their faces or lift their voices, Mr. McKinley is to-day a stronger man before the people than he was in 1896. He has managed to win the confidence of thousands who voted for him four years ago with great reluctance, and those whose good opinion he has lost because of his official acts are inconsiderable in number, and, owing to the unfortunate disruption of the old Democratic party, are practically without a leader or even a political resting-place.

What Mr. McKinley stands for, the American people know to a reasonable certainty. He is the material expression of the principles of the Republican party, which, however much one may differ with it in certain matters of detail, is yet the one compact organization left us which stands for law, order, and public decency, and therein lies the whole issue. Party lines are drawn to-day between the Republican party, which stands for law and order, on the one side, and a rattle-brained fusion of discordant elements, representing every vile political heresy that has shown itself on the surface since the close of the civil war, on the other.

The Vice-Presidential Nomination

IT is probably true that the nomination of Governor Roosevelt is the most popular move the Convention could have made, and that it will serve to strengthen the ticket in certain sections of the country is an undoubted fact. Harper's Weekly has hoped all along that some other candidate might be chosen, because we have believed that the Governor's abilities and temperament are such that he might have rendered greater service to his party and to the public in other fields. The delegates have thought differently, however, and it is impossible, in view of the tremendous enthusiasm with which they recorded their conviction that the Governor was the right man for the place, to accuse them of having erred. Now that the thing is done, we should all accept it as gracefully as has Governor Roosevelt himself. It is, after all, unsafe to say that any office would restrict or hamper the energies of a man like Governor Roosevelt. He is the sort of person to find opportunities where few others would look for them, and while the Vice-Presidency is not an office which we should have selected for him, it is quite conceivable that in his administration of its functions he will discover and develop potentialities that hitherto have been undreamed of. In any event, there will be picturesque times in the United States Senate when Theodore Roosevelt wields the gavel as its presiding officer. The gavel may need to be chained to his desk at times, for the man of San Juan Hill is not without impulsive moments; but that he will handle it vigorously and honorably and for the best interests of everybody concerned there is no slightest doubt.

We cannot escape the conviction that the old order of things is about to change, and that the Vice-Presidency instead of being a graveyard of political ambition will turn out to be something radically different—something like a dynamo, for instance, with a large number of live wires attached to it.

We congratulate the party upon having secured Governor Roosevelt's acquiescence in its wishes, and we have no disposition to believe, after observing the events of last week in Philadelphia, that the Governor in yielding to the demands of the Convention has made any serious mistake. If he has, it is rather to his personal credit than otherwise, for his individual wishes have not been paramount in this instance.

The Platform

THE Platform which was received with the same acclaim as greeted the candidates is, on the whole, about as satisfactory a document of its kind as one could wish to have. It is singularly free from fireworks and claptrap; it says enough and not too much about the main features of the administration's policy; it reaffirms the gold standard, and in its wisely framed paragraph relating to expansion and the duties of the United States in connection therewith, it successfully takes the wind out of the sails of the Anti-Imperialistic agitators. It makes no promises that are not already in a fair way to be fulfilled, and is altogether a most excellent and sincere presentation of the principles and the policy of the Republican party.

The Amalgamated Brotherhood of Political Floaters at Kansas City will have a hard time in constructing a rival platform which shall be better calculated to win the confidence and the support of the American people.

The Governor of Missouri

IT is strange what things certain people take pride in in these curious days. We have recently received from the Executive Department of the State of Missouri, at Jefferson City, a printed broadside of favorable newspaper comment upon Governor Stephens's masterly inactivity in failing to suppress the St. Louis riots. There are not many of these comments. All that the Governor can scrape together, apparently, would not fill a page of Harper's Weekly; but few as they are, his Excellency is obviously proud of them, for if he were not he would not have taken the trouble to reprint them for the edification of a critical public. It is a pleasing feature of the situation that the Governor finds himself on the defensive. If he were not convinced that excuses are in order, this broadside would not be in existence. It is also a pleasing feature of the situation that not one of his defenders here represented has any other than an empty and specious argument upon which to rest his case. Critical analysis of each and every one of them shows them to be the work of scribes thoroughly saturated with demagogy, to put it mildly; of apologists for anarchy and mob violence, with no respect for law, order, or public decency, and having at heart no loyal concern for the good name of the State of Missouri.

Last week we printed a portrait of the Governor of this afflicted State. We advise our readers to look at it carefully, and to remember it in its every detail, for it is the portrait of a man who has scarcely an equal in this or any other time for wicked dereliction in the performance of his sworn duty. The poor Boxer depicted in an earlier issue, with his head in the stocks has less to answer for and more to arouse our sympathy than this shirking politician who has disgraced himself and his State.

Governor Stephens may use this bit of comment in his next broadside, if he chooses. We cheerfully waive our copyright in it on his behalf.

Chinese Complications

THE situation in China is hourly growing more disquieting. The disintegration of the empire, which has been gradually going on for years, appears to have become, or is about to become, an accomplished fact with which the whole civilized world must reckon. The steadiest minds and the strongest statesmanship are required at this moment to save the world from an awful embroilment, the like of which is unknown in history. Yet if the ambitions of nations can only be laid aside for the moment, if the lust for land and the thirst for power can only be quenched for a brief period, the solution of the Oriental question should not prove the hardest problem in the world. The Chinese are not a bad, nor are they an unintelligent, people. They are governed badly; that is all. Americans who have come into contact with them know how false is the idea which prevails among ourselves, as well as among others, that the Chinese need enlightenment from without. Who that has listened to the voice and heeded the wise words of that eloquent and accomplished gentleman, the Chinese minister at Washington, can say that there are no brilliant flowers on the old tree, that we are dealing with a heathen people, that China is a nation to be despised, and that her complete regeneration can only come from outside? Who that has studied the past and who knows of the things the Chinese have brought forth in matters of art, letters, statecraft, and religion, can say that the Celestial Empire is fit only to be parcelled out among our superior selves? No intelligent American at least will take this stand. He is more likely to adhere to the sentiments expressed by Lord Charles Beresford in his informing and prophetic monograph *The Break-up of China*, that all that is needed in the emergency which exists, and which he predicted, is honesty of purpose and a determination on the part of the powers to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Lord Charles has little hope of the powers outside of those dominated by the Anglo-Saxon idea, however, for he goes on to say, "investigations on the spot have convinced me that the maintenance of the Chinese Empire is essential to the honor as well as the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I hope that when the British and American people are acquainted with the facts as a whole they will be similarly convinced."

The situation is here expressed in a nutshell. It is the view of an Englishman who is filled with the spirit of fair play and honor, and who knows precisely what he is talking about. It would seem that the time has come to show ourselves resolute along the lines suggested by this British statesman, and to accept for our policy the suggestion contained in his paragraph wherein he says that "a straightforward recognition of the principles of freedom, fair dealing, and equality of opportunity, coupled with resolution and vigor in carrying these principles out, will not only preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire, but conduce more largely to our interests, than the present plan of taking what does not belong to us, because other powers are doing the same."

We should go to China in the guise of a friend and a protector, not as a marauder who would profit by the weakness of a fallen neighbor.

The National Republican Convention

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

THE National Republican Convention of 1900 is unique in political history in one respect—it nominated for Vice-President a man skilled in convention methods, a man of notably independent character, who used all his skill and asserted all his independence to prevent the nomination coming to him.

I know it is being asserted with emphasis, and pretence of special knowledge, that Governor Roosevelt was a party to a clever piece of political manipulation whereby he aided in creating the demand for his nomination, while whispering he would ne'er consent. A basis for this belief is its attractiveness for those who entertain it; it supplies a hidden motive, points out a devious path in place of a straight road, and thereby makes your political critic happy.

I mean that it seems to him to denote a keen scent for subtile plotting when he explains that Governor Roosevelt was play-acting his reluctance, for the single purpose of intensifying the demand for him. The critic is never happy in admitting that things are ever what they seem in politics.

All of which, were one permitted, it would be a relief to designate as tommy-rot. There is something quite funny in the notion of Rough-Rider Roosevelt turning play-actor in this way; but the argument is not put forth by the critics with even faintly humorous intentions; they would have us accept the cowboy statesman doing a theatric turn, struggling for the centre of the stage and the lime-light, with the fervor of a young leading man.

The fact is, conditions at Philadelphia last week were curious enough, to be sure, but no more so than they seemed. Governor Roosevelt, for a sufficient reason—his desire to make this fall's fight at the head of the State ticket—wanted not to run with McKinley; and Senator Hanna, for an equally strong reason—his desire to make it a "business ticket" with Bliss—was sincerely anxious to accommodate the Governor in his wish.

Certainly these conditions would discourage any ordinary movement in behalf of the Governor, but, as it turned out, the movement was very extraordinary, and soon became complicated in a way to delight the mere observer. That is, Senator Platt and Mr. Quay, experienced, far-seeing, and wise in the game, were first to realize the full strength of the Roosevelt movement; first to see that it could not be checked without a jar to the organization they knew Senator Hanna would not permit, so they posed as boomers instead of discoverers!

Then, if you please, the situation did assume some of the attributes of a play, and those two veteran politicians without doubt enjoyed their rôles of pretending to be demanding something they knew was unavoidable, and taking credit for a result they felt was certain even had they opposed. One effect of this was to strengthen Governor Roosevelt's opposition to himself, and Hanna's willingness to accommodate Roosevelt!

I am not denying that if, on Tuesday, June 19, Senator Hanna had flatly announced that the Administration did not want Roosevelt, he could have carried his point—perhaps; but to have done so would have been to open the campaign without a trace of the hurrah spirit, and possibly to have strained some parts of the machine to the danger-point.

Mr. Hanna and his chief advisers found by Tuesday night that a large majority of the 926 delegates were under a spell of enthusiasm about the picturesque character of the Rough Rider; they much needed that enthusiasm, and then, in spite of Platt's and Quay's attitude, not because of it, the situation was accepted, and what early threatened to be a convention notably lacking in boom spirit came to a close in such a furor of emotional tumult as has never been exceeded in any convention.

I am aware that this picture of the chief incident of the convention is unlike that drawn by most of those who have described it in print, but I venture to submit it as true because I was afforded some view-points for sight-seeing which justify what may seem like a presumption.

Those who enjoy study of eccentricities in human nature should carefully consider this: excepting Governor Roosevelt alone, the most popular men in the convention were those who have been most scolded and lectured, condemned and caricatured, for their political methods. Wolcott and Lodge, two prominent United States Senators, temporary and permanent chairmen, respectively, to whom was assigned the important task of setting forth the party's principles in the campaign, aroused no enthusiasm; Senator Hanna and Mr. Quay, neither with rôles of any great importance, officially, were greeted with immense enthusiasm.

Senator Hanna's sole official duty, as chairman of the National Committee, was to call the convention to order. When he rose to do this he was surprised, almost startled, at the reception he received from the delegates. When he had been speaking but a minute or two he received another surprise in the way the audience of fifteen thousand cheered him. That was interesting; it resulted from the unexpectedness of everything about him—his manner, voice, excellence of his oratory. He is a surprising man in every way—when one's only knowledge of him has been gained through the press. Perhaps when he is trying to make an obdurate delegate see the light Senator Hanna may argue with a hatchet or a stone club, but as he permitted the general public to see him in Philadelphia he is an amiably smiling gentleman, who has quick command of agreeably direct language, and a clear, powerful voice to send his words to remote corners of the great building famous orators failed to reach. These qualities so astonished his hearers that, as soon as a realization of them came, they cheered until he had to beg them to let him proceed. Another thing developed later: Mr. Hanna has a streak of boyishness left in him, and it got control of him when the demonstration was on over his colleague Foraker's nomination of McKinley. For nearly two days Mr. Hanna had sat on the platform, usually concealed from the audience in a group of fellow-committeemen, but when the boom-boom, the hurrahs and singing, were at their noisiest, he suddenly rushed to the front of the platform, grabbed a pampas plume, jumped on a chair, and permitted himself what seemed to be the very great pleasure of yelling like an Apache—or a schoolboy—for five minutes. I have no doubt it did the distinguished national leader a great deal of good, and perhaps the next time he used his stone club on an obdurate delegate his manner was moderated. Anyway, we may hope.

Mr. Quay is unlike Mr. Hanna in every physical character. His first conspicuous appearance on the convention floor was as the proposer of certain amendments to the rules, cutting down the South's representation in convention. That was scarcely a bid for a popular ovation—at least from the Southern sections of seats—but the noted Pennsylvania leader received a greater cheer than had even the national leader. He stood on the main floor several minutes before complying with the roar of demands to take the platform. When at last he did so his greeting there by Chairman Lodge was a fine example of what a Back Bay chill looks like. The Massachusetts Senator stood facing Pennsylvania's ex-Senator, his hands safely clasped behind his back, and his lips parted in a congealed smile that had the quality of a sneer. But Mr. Quay did not appear to feel badly about it. He made some remarks which no one heard, and rejoined his delegation, having been in sight for fully six or seven minutes, during every second of the time cheered wildly.

These two notable receptions should afford, as they doubtless will, text for countless editorials on the callousness of the minds political which have not been trained by countless preceding editorials to adopt the Lodge attitude toward bosses. But they are mentioned here solely for their human, not academic, interest. Their contrast was the failure of Senators Wolcott and Lodge to "fetch" the convention. This was surprising in the case of the former, for the Coloradan is a master of the popular brand of oratory necessary to effect immediate results when fifteen thousand people are to be addressed. But instead of using the methods so successfully employed later by Senators Depew and Foraker and Delegate George Knight, of California, the Colorado Senator went into a rather fine analysis of President McKinley's administration. The result was far from what the audience wanted; and the principal oration of the second day did not improve matters spectacularly. This was the speech of Senator Lodge. It was in truth a strong, well-phrased presentation of the party's attitude on all the subjects considered in the platform, but it lacked a spark of the fire the convention was now shivering for. Senator Foraker arouses by main force; Senator Depew by skilfully used humor; Knight, the sturdy Californian, by florid imagery we look for in Western oratory; but none of these arts or devices appeared in Senator Lodge's effort; and the second day was closing, with the nearly one thousand delegates, the fifteen thousand spectators, longing for the thrill of excitement the mere name of Roosevelt would have produced. But as yet the decision had not been made to stir things up with that potent sound.

If one could but know! It is likely that the necessity for Roosevelt was finally admitted when Senator Fairbanks read the platform. It was long—fate seems to have agreed that we may not be brief in making our confessions of political faith—and there were unnumbered "whereases" yet to follow when the delegates began leaving the hall by hundreds; spectators by thousands. There was such confusion Senator Fairbanks could not be heard. At this point Chairman Lodge interrupted the reader and lectured the delegates severely. He reminded them they were—he meant they should have been—listening to the party's declaration of principles, the most important utterance of the convention.

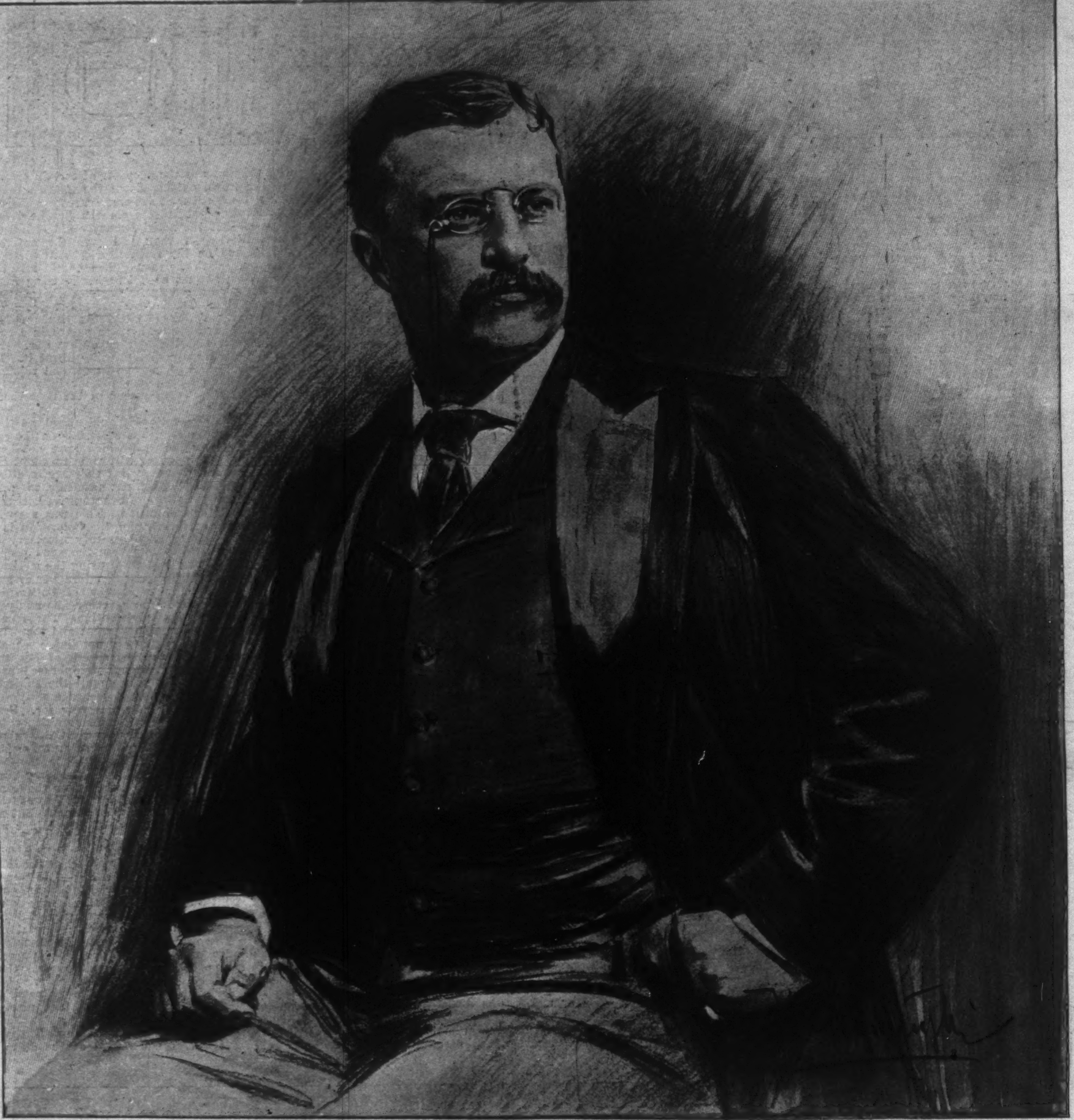
But the blight of listlessness was settled on the convention, and Senator Fairbanks hurled at the disap-

REPUBLICAN
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE "BLAINE CLUB," FOUNDED IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1884, PARADING IN BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EAST CENTRE
I J K L M N
DELEGATES ALTERNATES
WEST CENTRE
O P Q R S T

ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOMINATED FOR VICE-PRESIDENT AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1900

DRAWN BY T. V. CHOMINSKI FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK

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pearing backs of delegates the ringing periods of the "Resolved!" which usually are cheered wildly.

But, oh, what a difference the next morning! Ticket-speculators who had been threatened with bankruptcy owing to the unpatriotically low prices they had been forced to sell at on Tuesday and Wednesday were, Thursday morning, as hoarsely demanding to buy tickets as to sell; prices had quadrupled; the supply was miserably below the demand; carriage rates had jumped cruelly; button and badge hawkers were unloading stock at a furious rate—Roosevelt was to be nominated!

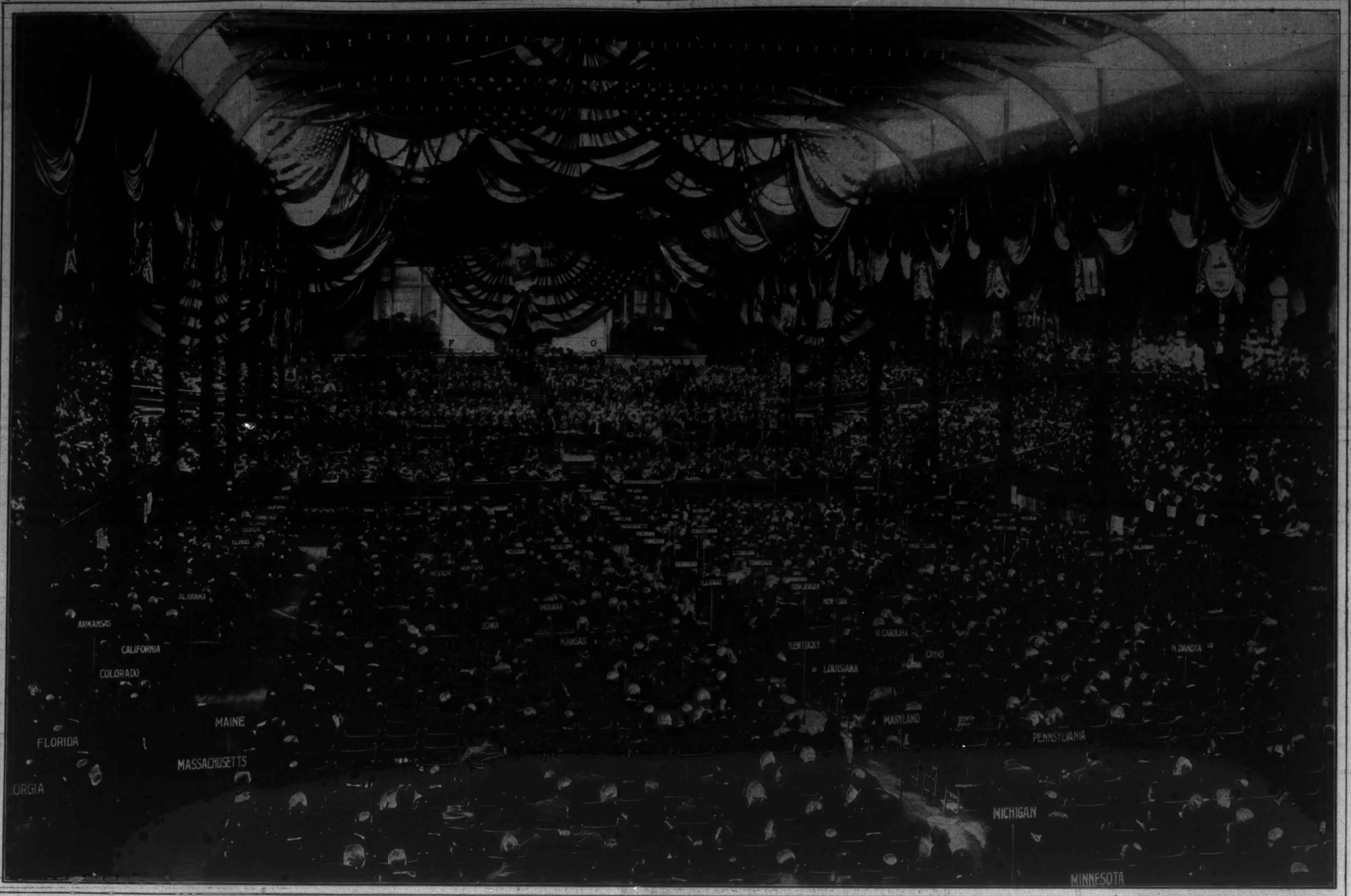
Philadelphia was transformed. The air was tingling with political electricity, producing those mental phenomena the experienced organizer rejoices to see. He knows ways for providing machine-made enthusiasm, but he also knows how small is its real value. Bliss, Dolliver, Woodruff, Scott, Long—any one of them could have been nominated to accompaniment of cheers, music, and flag-waving warranted under a stop-watch contract to outlast any previous demonstration. But that, indeed, would have been another thing. Here was the genuine article, at no cost, and more than any one knew what to do with.

When they saw all these signs, how the leaders must have rejoiced that the mistake of suppressing such emotion, and possibly, by some alchemy of the mind, turning it into a feeling of resentment, had not been committed!

An official of the building said that the convention hall seated but fifteen thousand, but it was believed eighteen thousand were within the walls when Senator Foraker rose to nominate Mr. McKinley. When he had done so, scenes of excitement the press has vividly described continued for more than a quarter of an hour; but what was presented to the eye was incomparably less moving than the concluding sound—the singing of "The Union Forever" by the wrought-up thousands. When one hears that sound one must sing—or cry. It was tremendously moving, and it was an audience thus affected Governor Roosevelt a minute later faced when he spoke as a seconder. If he was moved in any degree by any feeling he did not show it. He held a type-written copy of his speech in one hand, but did not once look at it. His ordinary manner in speaking is torrential; it was so then. He is either capable of placing an amazing brake on his feelings, or else he is amazingly immovable. But he was all that the idolizing thousands wanted; strong in body and manner; direct, dashing, fearless—possibly just a little careless—and everything he was the people liked him for, and for nothing he lacked, blamed him.

His speech seconding another was in effect his own nomination, for they hailed him Vice-President, and cheered for McKinley and Roosevelt. The shouting so long pent up was begun at last, and there was no stopping it. When Young of Iowa, who was to have presented Dolliver's name, made the formal presentation of Roosevelt, the crowd began to call for the vote, and only Senator Depew held them, so eager they were to record the vote which should make the ticket, past changing, McKinley and Roosevelt.

It was done at last, and the convention that promised so little enthusiasm concluded with uncontrollable floods of it sweeping all over Philadelphia and scattering to the four corners of the country, not forgetting Alaska and Hawaii.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INDIANA
IOWA
CALIFORNIA
KANSAS
N. CAROLINA
KENTUCKY
OHIO
N. DAKOTA
COLORADO
LOUISIANA
MAINE
MARYLAND
FLORIDA
PENNSYLVANIA
MASSACHUSETTS
ORGIA
MICHIGAN
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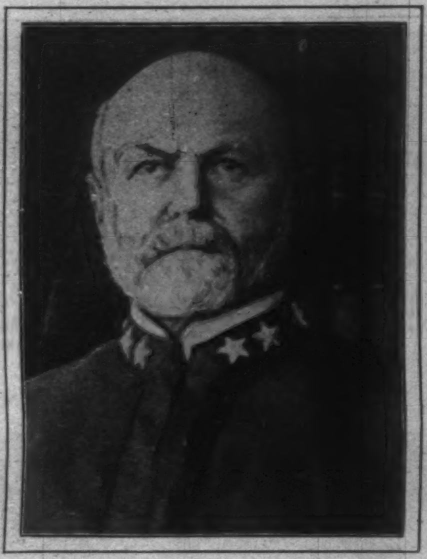
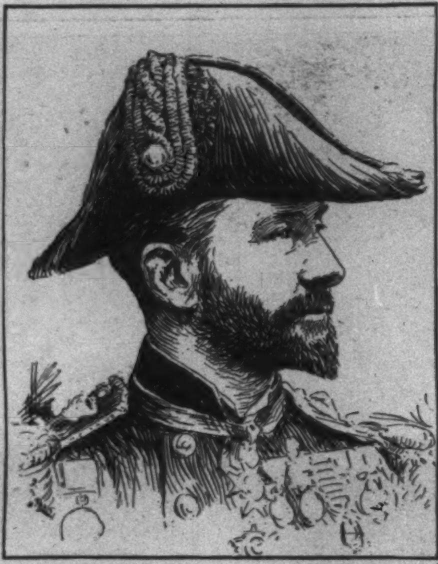
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19-21, 1900.



REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPFF,
In Command of the U. S. Naval Forces in Chinese Waters.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, R. N.,
In Command of the International Column sent to the Relief of Peking.

BARON VON KETTELER,
German Ambassador to China, reported killed by the Boxers in Peking.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA

THE people of the civilized world learned with surprise, on June 19, that they were practically at war with China. They had known for nearly a month that the mysterious secret society of armed men called the Boxers had been gathering force and had been killing "foreign devils" and burning property, especially of missionaries. They had known that missionaries had been rescued from various cities and sent to Peking for safety. Appeals from foreign ministers and from missionaries in Peking had been made for foreign troops for the protection of embassies and churches of the missionaries. Small forces of troops or marines had been sent to Peking by the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Japan, and other powers.

Then came an appeal of the utmost urgency for help. Admiral Seymour of the British naval forces, with the allied forces of other powers, started with about 2500 from Tien-tsin to the rescue of the legations. Of this force 100 were Americans under command of Captain McCalla, of the cruiser *Newark*. On June 12 all telegraph communication with Peking ceased. Railroad communication had been cut off with Peking for several days. The Boxers, it was said, having the tacit support of the Dowager Empress, had practically captured the Chinese army, and were awaiting Seymour at Peking with a force estimated at from 30,000 to 60,000.

Then came the report, confirmed partly later, that Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador at Peking, had been killed by the Boxers. Later it was asserted that he had been captured and that his fate was not known. Then came the news that Admiral Seymour had been checked in his march to Peking, and the powers began to plan to send with the utmost haste as large forces as they could command to the rescue of the legations.

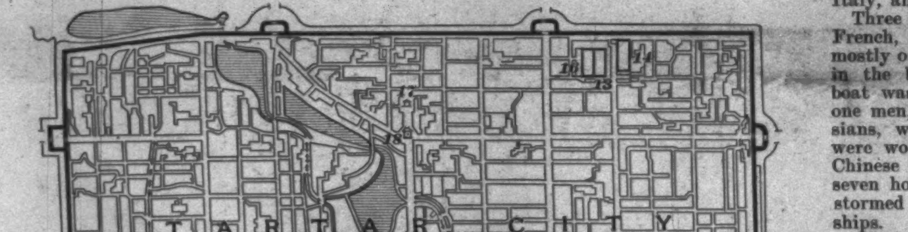
The Ninth regular infantry was ordered to go from Manila. A typhoon unfortunately set in, delaying the possibility of departure until June 24. The navy sent to Admiral Kempff, in charge of the North Chinese Station, on board the *Newark* at Taku, the *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Nashville*, and the *Monocacy*. The *Yorktown* was sent from Chee-foo to Taku and return with news. There were supposed to be, all told, about twenty-five foreign war-ships at Taku, the mouth of the Pei-ho.

It was on June 19 that the news came of the most serious bombardment by a naval force since the days of Alexandria. A menacing force of Chinese troops practically allied with the Boxers occupied the Chinese forts at Taku. The senior in rank of the naval forces assembled gave them until a certain hour to evacuate. Their response was to fire on the war-ships at 1 A.M on June 17. They were part of the Chinese army. That made China practically at war with the powers, England, Russia, Japan, the United States, Germany, France, Italy, and Austria.

Three Russian, one British, one French, and one German war-ship, mostly of the gunboat rank, took part in the bombardment. One Russian boat was badly damaged. Twenty-one men, sixteen of whom were Russians, were killed, and about sixty were wounded. Fully four hundred Chinese were killed, and then, after seven hours' fighting, the forts were stormed by the men from the ships.

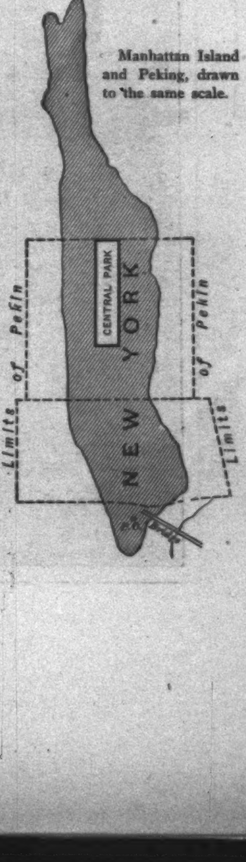
Nothing was heard from Seymour, but on the afternoon of June 20 there came the news that Seymour and his force had reached Peking, with what cost of life or whether in time to save the foreign ministers or missionaries was not known. On the same day there came the news that on June 17 the Boxers had attacked the foreign settlement at Tien-tsin, had burned the Catholic cathedral, a mission chapel, and many Chinese houses. About one hundred Boxers were killed by the foreign guards.

That was the situation of this acute conflict between the aged empire of China and the modern nations at the time of going to press.

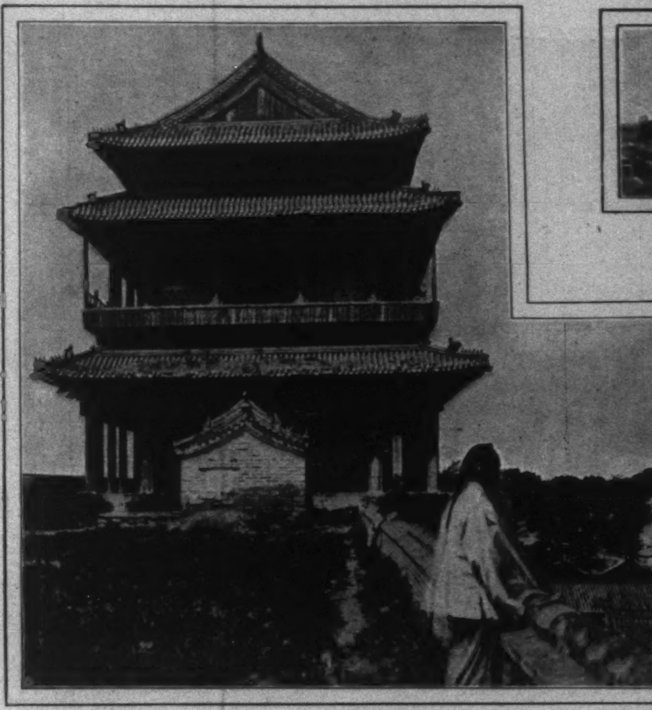


PLAN OF THE CITY OF PEKING.

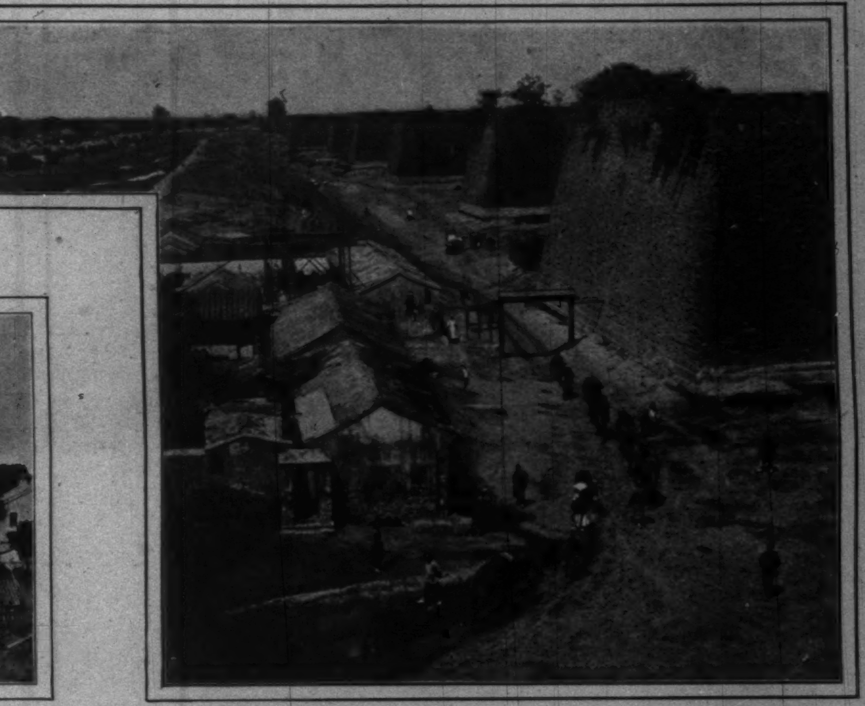
1 Imperial Palace
2 Gate of Great Purity
3 Buddhist Monastery
4 Monastery of Eternal Repose
5 Marble Bridge
6 The Golden Lake
7 The Gate of Heaven
8 Academy of Han-Lin
9 The Legations
10 Temple of Glorious Devotion
11 Examining College
12 Observatory Tower
13 Monastery of Lung-fu-tse
14 Great Buddhist Monastery of Yung-ho-kung
15 Temple of Confucius
16 Imperial University
17 Clock Tower
18 Drum Tower
19 Temple of Ancient Dynasties
20 Pe-ta-tse
21 Catholic Church
22 Temple of Heaven
23 Altar of the Earth
24 Buddhist Monastery



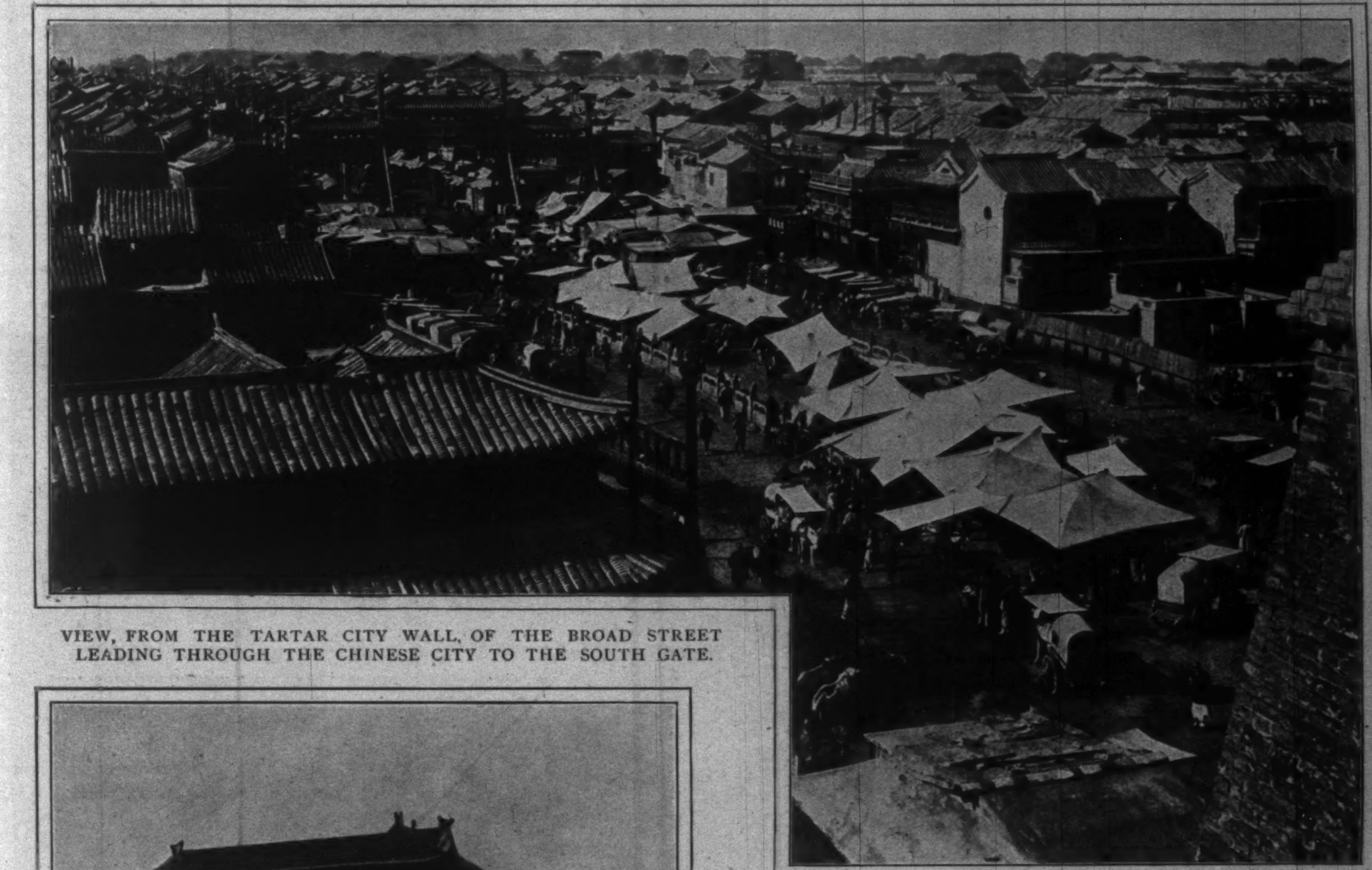
Manhattan Island and Peking, drawn to the same scale.



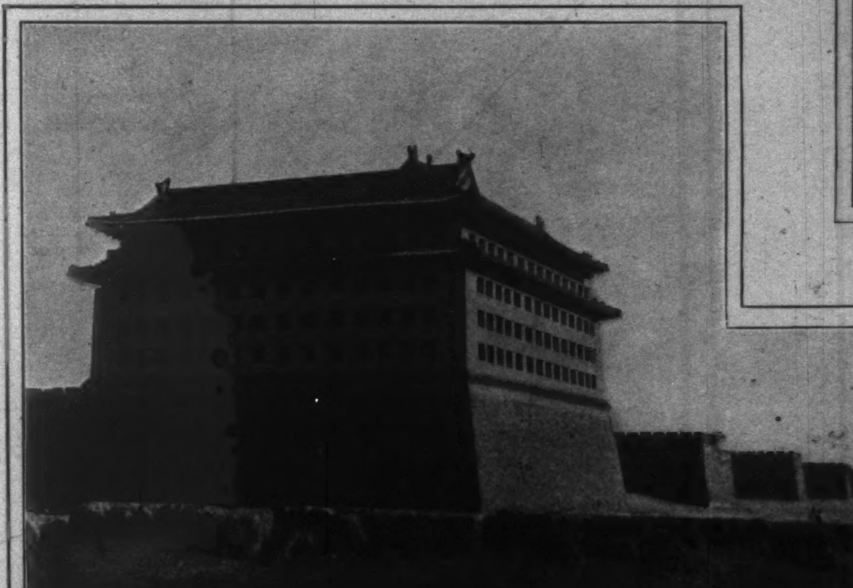
WATCH-TOWER ON THE WALL SEPARATING THE CHINESE FROM THE TARTAR CITY.



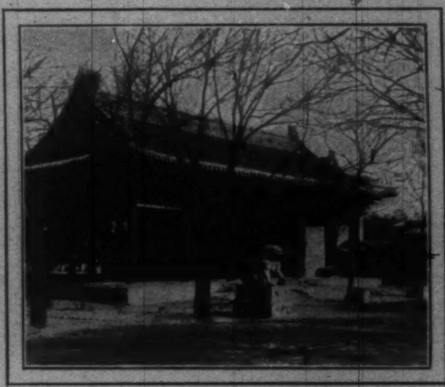
OUTSIDE THE WALL ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY.



VIEW, FROM THE TARTAR CITY WALL, OF THE BROAD STREET LEADING THROUGH THE CHINESE CITY TO THE SOUTH GATE.



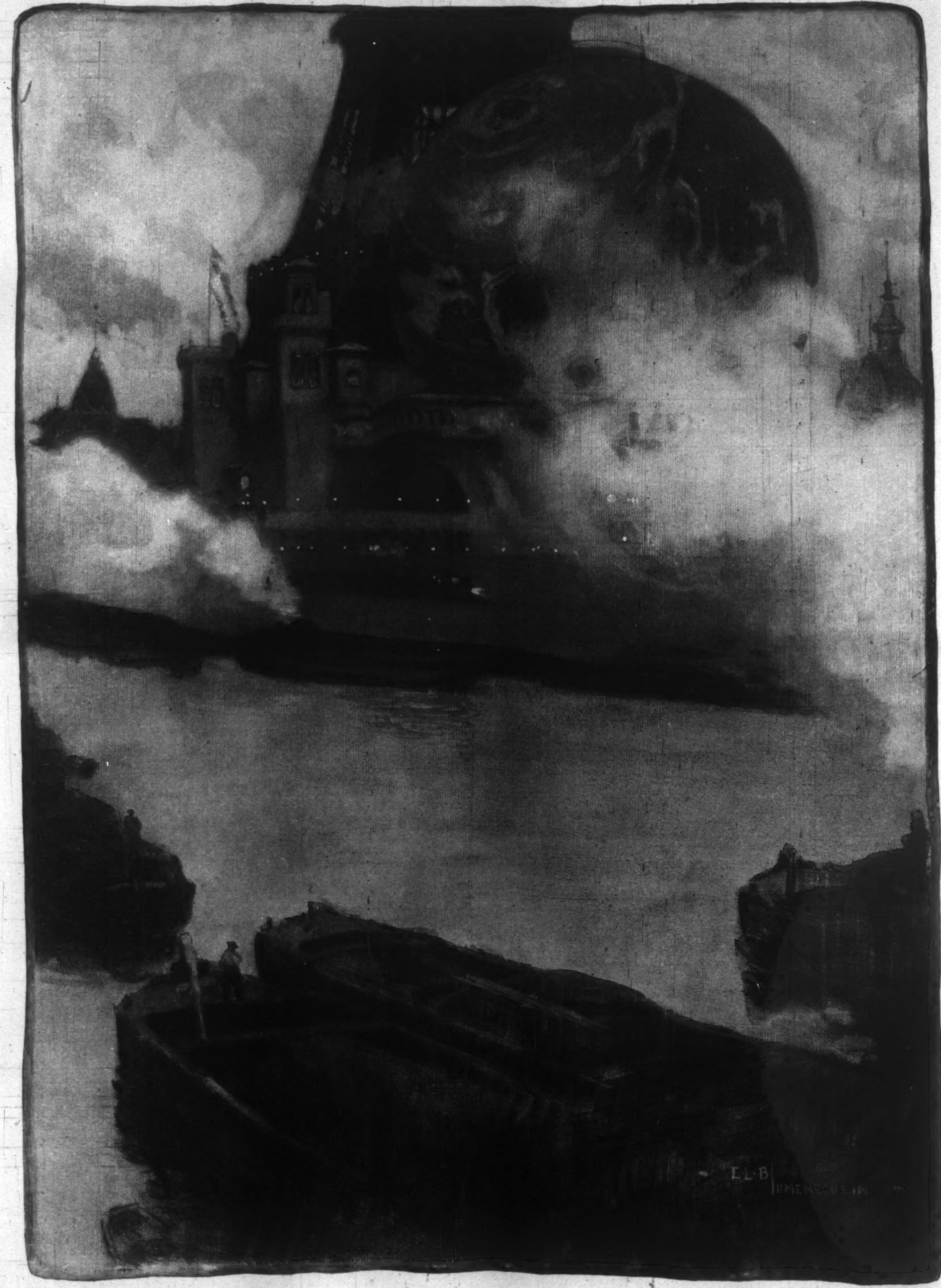
TOWER ON THE NORTHWESTERN CORNER OF THE WALL AROUND THE TARTAR CITY.



ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH LEGATION.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA—VIEWS OF PEKING.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. L. L. SEAMAN.



THE "CELESTIAL GLOBE" AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN,

OUR ASIATIC CONSULATES BY EDWIN WILDMAN

The Consular Court, Shanghai, ,China.

A BEACH-COMBER arose as I went out of the consulate, one of those beautifully warm days that make life in the Orient so enchanting. His face had flitted across my vision a half-dozen times during the day in an indistinct shadowy sort of way. I knew that he had been holding down a "coolie" bench from the time of my arrival in the morning until the moment of my departure. I vaguely remembered his rising apologetically as I left for luncheon and repeating the operation when I returned; but he was so like a hundred and one of his kind that dogged the consulate day in and day out that his presence made no particular impression. As I ordered my chair and donned my helmet the beach-comber stretched himself, stepped out of the cool corner where he had been spending the day, and approached me.

"Can I speak to the Consul, sir?" he commenced, twitching an old felt hat and scraping the tile from off the consulate veranda with his left foot.

"Certainly; what is it?" I said.

"I haven't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours," he continued, "and, sir, I am an American, and thought you might help me to get a meal. I think I can get a ship in a few days. The *Parametta* sails next week, and I hope to get her, sir."

The story was as familiar to my ears as the rumble of the rick-a-shaws and the chatter of the coolies that wafted incessantly in my door from Queen's Row below. How he got to Hong-kong; what he had done with his money; the number of his children at home he loved so well and wanted to get back to; the loss of his clothes and valuables in a shipwreck the previous month; how he had been maltreated by the first mate of the *White Dove;* the cause of his arrest and thirty days' detention at the stone-yard—these and other incidents of his unhappy past I guessed without quizzing him. His face, his clothes, his attitude, were more eloquent than words. He seemed to read my thoughts and spared me the recital. I looked at him a minute and smiled. I couldn't help it. I knew his breed.

"You fellows always go exactly twenty-four hours before you come to the consul; you always spend your last penny before you count your money; you always think of your wife and children, your aged parents and the old home in Maine, after you get sober; and you are always the victim of a first mate. The truth is—now own up—your money didn't quite hold out until you had reduced yourself to an absolute wreck, until you soaked yourself thoroughly; you still crave for one more fling, and when you sober up next time, and visions of wife, home, and mother come over you, you'll get a ship in twenty-four hours and be a decent fellow until you reef sails at Calcutta, Melbourne, San Francisco, or Bangor. Am I right?"

The old salt's eyes were busy watching the gyrations of his toes. My dissertation was received in silence. So I concluded: "The *Parametta* sails one week from to-day. You can sign her articles or spend the summer—six months, you know, will carry you through the hot season, say at an average temperature of 110 degrees in the shade—reducing flint-rock to sizes suitable for the public roads, as the captain superintendent of police may specify." I drew two Mexicans from my pocket. His eyes glistened. "You can buy a lot of bad whiskey for that. If you fail to appear Friday, Captain May will board you through the summer."

The Friday following he reeled into the office and signed a scrawl upon the articles that looked more like a print from a blotter than a man's name. He grinned as I remarked, "A little shaky, but still in the ring."

"Say, Mr. Consul," he muttered as he turned to go, "I didn't get drunk, honest I didn't. That talk about six months in the stone-yard kept me mighty uncomfortable. I saw it in every glass and dreamed about it every night. Sort—an unfair advantage to take of a gentleman, begging your pardon, sir." Grinning blandly he departed.

The American consul has his eyes opened after a few months of experience with the average sailor. When at sea he is not a bad sort, but on land his feet are never steady, and his prodigality is only limited by the amount of cash in hand. After that he is usually a public charge until once more he is "shipped" out of port. If the American consul in Asiatic ports should believe or even listen to the "old story" that is rung upon him with all the changes that a whiskey-soaked imagination can conjure, Uncle Sam's charities abroad would exceed those at home.

Sea-captains commanding our few score of Asiatic sailors accept the American seaman only under compulsion. For short coast trips while in Asiatic waters they invariably prefer a Japanese or Chinese crew, and nearly every ocean liner and freighter from San Francisco, Tacoma, Vancouver, or San Diego ships Chinese crews. A Chinaman is a good sailor. He is sober, trustworthy, peaceable, and cheap. He is crowding the American and European sailor out of the Eastern trade, and any one familiar with that article will not regret his extinction.

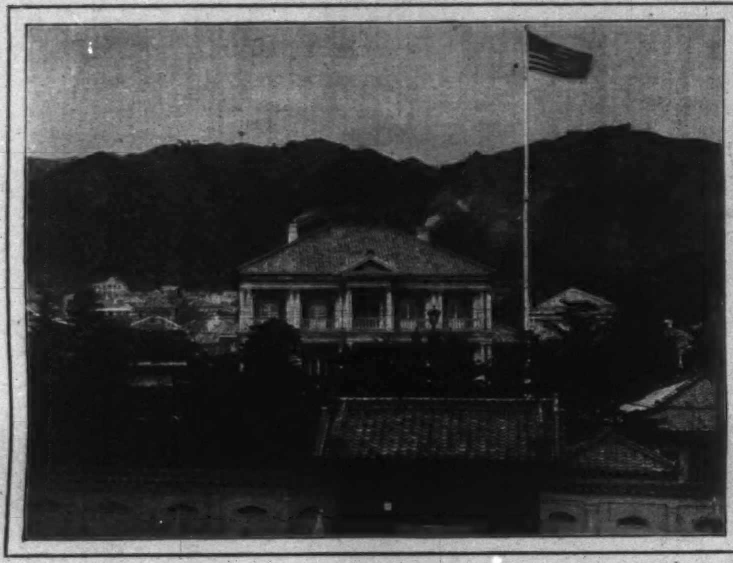
The American sailor is a source of continual trial to the consul. All sorts of adventurers, young dime-novel reading youths and old hardened salts whose sole ambition is to get enough money to keep them comfortably drunk when in port, make up the complement. From first to last the final destination of this motley crew is the consul, and he in time has to force American sea-captains to take them aboard, in lieu of which the local jail is the ultimatum, for sailors' homes, charitable organizations, and soft-hearted American tourists soon awaken to the hopelessness of straightening up the weather-beaten and storm-tossed beach-comber. All avenues of charity closed, he finally disappears—"ships" or stows-away—and next bobs up with a fresh tale of woe at a consulate where his face and story are not engraven on the mind of the consul. Experience teaches the consul that assistance or sympathy is a criminal waste of too much needed commodities, and that give the beach-comber time he will run his limit, and once forced into temporary sobriety and pressed by honest hunger his expedients are equal to the situation. An old hand at the trade, he knows the ropes.

In former days when the laws were made to provide and protect the American seaman, the class that sailed in the Pacific waters were a hardy, honest set of men and worthy of the utmost liberality of treatment. Now, the bums, adventurers, and human wrecks that come under the protection of the United States consuls are about the most incorrigible lot of drunkards that are at large. They are the bane of the consul's life and a disgrace to their country. Their proper place is in a home for incurables. I am speaking of the majority. There are exceptions, but it is not the exception who fills the local jails and lives in the grog-shops. The exception only makes his appearance before the consul when he is regularly discharged, receives his money, and sends a draft home; then again within a few days or weeks "signs on" and disappears.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES AND DUTIES

When an American consul arrives at his post he must call upon all his colleagues, the chiefs of the army, if a military post, and the heads of the civil administration. Having paid his respects and shown formal recognition to the various government officials, they immediately return the call in full official uniform and their wives call at the consul's residence. Then the ball commences. Dinners, receptions, and teas follow in great numbers. In the nature of things these the consul must return. If his income is limited—but that is something he should have thought of before he accepted the appointment. His first experiences are interesting and varied. With English-speaking colleagues the path is easy, but when, for instance,

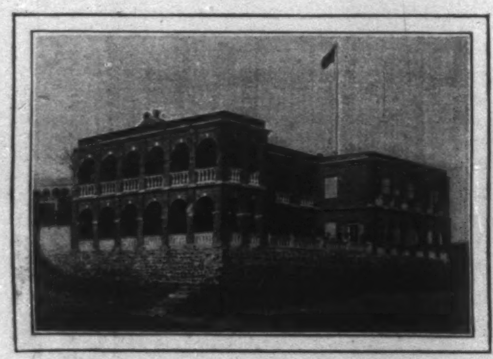
THE LEGATION AT BANGKOK, SIAM.



CONSULATE AT KOBÉ, JAPAN.

the German consul invites him to dinner he finds himself confronted with a dozen languages. The difficulties of conversation are overcome if he speaks French, but otherwise his social ability is limited. The ménu, too, is a staggerer. It may run something like this: Julienne Suppe, Wachteln in Gallerte, Kalter Spargel, Hammelbraten or Rinderbraten or Gefüllter Wildschweins Kopf, Gebratener Fasan, or Gebratener Wilde Ente, Grüner Salate or Kartoffel Salate, Junge Kartoffel mit Petersilie and Blumenkohl, Stachelbeertorte, Kleine Kuchen or Torten, Auflauf, Vanille Eis or Kaffe Eis, Käse, Früchte, Kaffee, added to which is an absolutely unpronounceable wine list. The experience, varied by a change of tongue, is repeated when he dines with the Russian or the Italian consul. French, therefore, becomes an absolute necessity, for it is the volapük of "court" language. It has not lost its prestige as the diplomatists' language, though English is rapidly invading the field. Most foreign consuls are now obliged to learn English, and French should be an equally important attribute to American consular fitness.

But the Chinese millionaire, who calls upon the consul as promptly as politeness allows, gives him the most unique experience, albeit not always a digestible one. For there are experiences that come to us in which the inner man does not rejoice with the enthusiasm of the imagination. I refer to a Chinese dinner, which, like a visit to the dentist, is pleasant only as a reminiscence. For lavish display, abundance of floral decorations, originality of customs, and uneatable edibles a Chinese dinner has no counterpart. It properly comes under the duties of consuls—to refuse the hospitality of a Chinaman is to sever diplomatic relations between the two nations. His invitation is a command —and then, it is an experience. The two principal horrors of the function are the music, that gives your senses indigestion, and the ménu, which shocks your inner temple. The music is a succession of rasping sounds that effect you as might the filing of a saw on a cold morning, accompanied by painfully regular cries, comparable only to the din produced by a catfight at its zenith—say about 2 A.M.—in your back yard. A half-dozen little, woodenlike, almond-eyed, carefully kalsomined flower-girls produce the effect from a raised dais in a corner, uncomfortably near. Blending, if a stretch of the imagination will permit the use of the word, with the instrumental part of the programme are heard the singsong tones of a crybabylike dialogue that takes place between the offenders. The entire combination is not without its compensations, however, for it helps you to forget the agonies to come.



CONSULATE AT AMOY, CHINA.

The banquet table, beautifully decorated, is resplendent with rare orchids, overpoweringly fragrant lilies, and thousands of cut flowers from the gardens of Canton. Pinnacles of sweets here and there along the table add to the decorative effect and strike terror to your stomach. The sweets have the appearance of glue, roller composition, or wax prototypes of themselves. Having taken your seat, a dozen little flower-girls, wooden-faced and Jarleylike, dressed in gorgeously embroidered kimonos and silk trouserettes, their hair, ears, and noses hung with gold, jade, and Peking glass rings, pins, and butterflies, issue noiselessly from an adjoining room and place themselves on little stools, one behind each guest. I suppose they are there for a purpose, but whatever it is they are not very interesting. You feed them, as you would a pet dog, with watermelon and canary-bird seed, and fill their glasses with hot brandy at frequent intervals, occasionally smoking a few puffs with them, for each has her little German silver pipe and box of tobacco.

Having completed these preliminaries, sharks' fins are set before you; sweet champagne and native brandies and sherries accompany the succeeding courses. Shark fins may occupy the place of honor in the mind of an Oriental, but with the American they will never usurp oysters on the half-shell. They taste like raw fish served in dish-water. Following this delicacy come birds'-nests in chicken soup. Now the Chinaman who serves birds'-nests pays the highest epicurean compliment possible. It must, therefore, be eaten, although, personally, I would prefer raw eggs in whey if I were obliged to eat either. Next come fowl and pig, also precipitated in chicken soup. Number four, pigeon eggs in chicken soup; number five, sliced frog with fungus (also in chicken soup); seven, minced quail—bones, head and all (also in chicken soup); eight, crab soup with mushrooms (also in chicken soup); then, chopped-up chicken bones with walnuts (ditto chicken soup), followed by chicken wings and ham; after which the delectable relish awabi (shell-fish), completing the dozen courses with fish-head in chicken soup. By this time it matters little what you eat if you have stuck to your guns, and kept even with the bumpers to the President, the Emperor, the Queen, and each other. The table still groans with all sorts of indescribable pastry, such as sugared fruits, sweetened jellies, unsalted almonds, husked melon-seeds, grotesque cakes, rice congee, and having partaken of these, almond tea is served, and cigars, cigarettes, and the "pipe" if you want it goes round, and you are ready for the hospital. The entertainment is transferred to the drawing-room, and the orchestra follows close at hand and continues pouring out the triumphs of Oriental masters. The singsong girls trot along after you and arrange themselves around the room in chairs to be inspected and entertaining, to bring you drinks, strike matches for your cigars, and to cook opium if you feel inclined to hit the pipe. It is very novel, very interesting, very unique, and if you were not obliged to eat, might be very enjoyable.

THE CONSULATE AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

The Chinese dinner is but an incident. A consul's real social duties have to do largely with the officials of the city or colony in which he is stationed. He finds that his importance is dependent upon his relative rank, and in all social functions his place is mathematically arranged. He must acquaint himself with existing social conditions and conform and regulate his entertainments accordingly. He must maintain the dignity of his country and stand ready at any time to respond to a call for a speech or address upon vital American questions. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the important national and international policies of his country, and be prepared to pit his wit against a colleague in private conversation or public controversy. Then, too, he finds that his utterances are accepted as authoritative and official, and an errant remark may arouse a hornet's nest and lead to unpleasant results and discord. Foreigners do not understand American character, and the frank expression of personal opinion upon national and international matters is not according to their training or conditions.

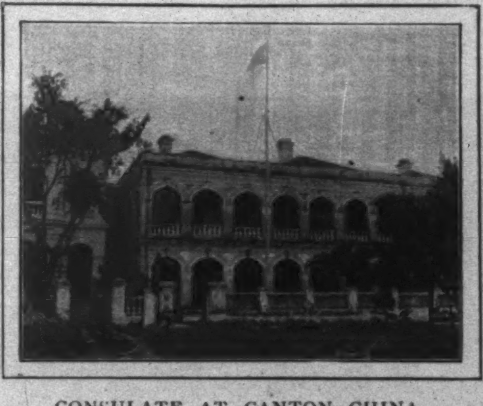
The relations between the American traveller and the consul are often a cause of discord. If the traveller present proper introductions he will be entertained and received by foreign officials. In some of the important consulates in Asia the consul's indulgence is taxed to the limit by tourists and globe-trotters who encroach upon the consul's time and seem to expect that he should drop business and guide them about the city. The consulate serves as a bureau of information and a post-office for tourists, and the attention and time occupied with these two functions test the patience and temper of a consul overwhelmed with more important duties.

National holidays and potentates' birthdays must be observed by punctilious calls, as must the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday. These particular anniversaries are usually the occasion of a large dinner, when "all the town," officially, must be welcomed to the consul's house and hospitality. These little amenities are not compulsory, nor are they provided for or enforced by the American government, but to neglect them is to arouse the most profound surprise and liberal criticisms. The American consul, though his prescribed duties are largely commercial, finds himself by established law and custom the social and, in a large sense, diplomatic representative of his country as well as its agent in business matters. To ignore the first and second conditions is to limit and curtail materially his usefulness in the third.

THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT

American importers, exporters, and merchants interested in extending foreign trade are largely dependent upon the consular reports. The consul, besides sending an annual trade report, is called upon to reply personally and through the Department of State to hundreds of letters of specific inquiry from merchants and individuals in various parts of the United States. These reports and replies form the subject matter of the department's daily publication, *Advance Sheets of the Consular Reports*, which are supplied free of charge to the public. If there be a projected venture of importance, or the prospect of increased travel, the consul will transmit his opinions upon the subject to the department. A new cotton-mill in Hong-kong, for instance, is the subject of a despatch. Foreign trading companies and their methods in Japan form another article; need of an American warehouse in China, opportunities for trade in Canton, the tin industry in

INTERIOR OF THE CONSULATE AT HONG-KONG, CHINA.



CONSULATE AT CANTON, CHINA.

the Malay Peninsula, transportation in Japan, currency in China, the bicycle trade in the East, the iron-nail trade in Japan, advice to exporters, are some of the subjects that the consul investigates and reports for the benefit of American merchants. He also gathers the statistics, often a difficult task in China, and shows the condition of trade. He tells what other nations are accomplishing, and what America is doing and can do. He keeps the home market posted upon what avenues of trade are already over-crowded, if any, and points out the possible market for our goods.

This work requires adaptability, training, keen observation, and much study and investigation. To successfully accomplish his purposes and satisfactorily serve his government he keeps in close touch with the commercial relations, the men and conditions, that characterize, occupy, and exist in his particular field. He attends the meetings of the local Chambers of Commerce, establishes close and friendly relations with the banking and business industries, and obtains accurate knowledge of their workings and opportunities.

The American consulate at Yokohama is a large Japanese bungalow, roomy, and beautifully located in a spacious ground. The offices, court, and counting-room require the first floor, the second floor being occupied as a residence by the consul and his family. Yokohama has a population of about 200,000, of whom 330 are American. On account of its fine harbor and central railroad connections Yokohama is the chief port of Japan. The leading import from America is kerosene, 20,000,000 gallons being landed annually. Consular reports show that the principal exports of Japan to America are camphor, rugs, coal, fans, matting, paper, porcelain, rice, silks, straw braid, and tea, which, with minor exports, exceed in value $30,000,000 per year; while America sends to Japan boilers, engines, carriages, cotton, drugs, farm implements, hardware, leather, locomotives, kerosene, paper, provisions, railway material, tobacco, watches, and novelties and minor articles to the amount of $13,000,000 or $14,000,000. About fifty American merchant ships are engaged in this trade, not including the transatlantic liners. John F. Gowey, of Ohio, is the present consul-general, and reports that the opportunities for increasing American trade are very great.

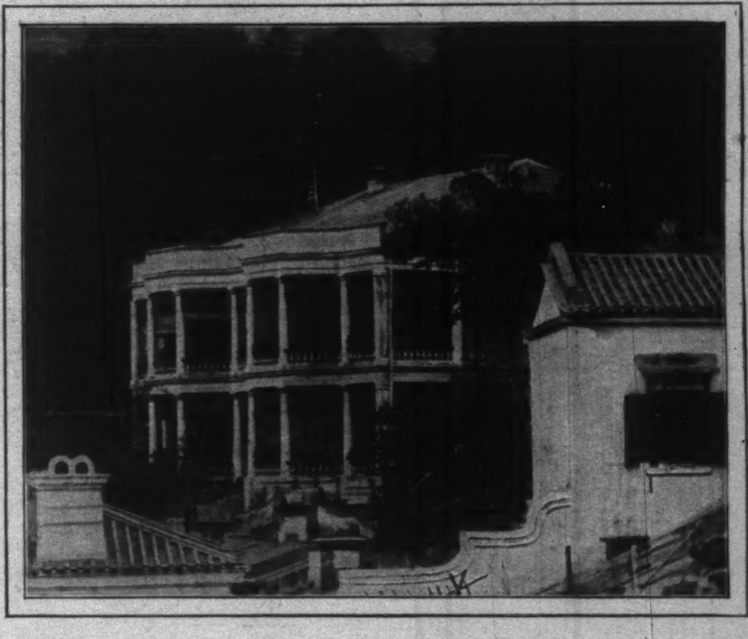
The consulate general for China is at Shanghai on the Wang-poo River, twelve miles from the ocean. Shanghai proper is made up of three settlements—the English, American, and French. Old Shanghai is exclusively a Chinese city. The government of Shanghai is in the hands of a council elected by rate-payers and under the supervision of the foreign consuls of the treaty powers. The population is made up of 5650 foreigners, 608,450 Chinese, and 800 Americans. The exports to the United States are over $12,000,000 annually, the leading articles being goat-skins, cowhide, tea, wool, rugs, silk, and straw braid. Our exports to Shanghai exceed $8,000,000, and include kerosene, drills, jeans, and sheetings. The consulate maintains an American post-office, distributing from fifty to seventy bags of mail per month. The consulate is located in the heart of the new city, and occupies commodious quarters in a large five-story brick building. The consular residence is left to the option of the consul. The present incumbent is John Goodnow, of Indiana.

Nagasaki is becoming an important port on account of the increasing Philippine trade with Japan. Our transports coal at Nagasaki, and much cargo is shipped from there to Manila. One hundred and three Americans, mostly missionaries, live here. The exports to the United States are coal and rice, and the imports kerosene, dry-goods, metals, machinery. Forty American ships were cleared from Nagasaki to American ports last year.

Kobé, a city of 203,000, is the seaport of southern Japan. One hundred and fifteen Americans are engaged in business there. Matches, rugs, screens, luqueer, matting, paper, porcelain, bamboo, wares, and straw braid are the principal articles of trade. Imports from the United States include cotton, locomotives, engines, tobacco, iron nails, rails, and kerosene oil. Exports are rice and articles mentioned above. Forty American trading-vessels were cleared last year.

Amoy has assumed new importance because of the proximity to Manila, regular steamships plying between the two ports. Because of our concessions in Amoy, that port is bound to become an important factor in the Eastern question and the Chinese trade. Our territorial rights there are extensive and our trade is growing. Nearly $3,000,000 worth of tea was exported to the United States from Amoy last year, although our total exports exceeded $5,000,000, other articles making up the balance being Narcissus, lily-buds, grass cloth, sugar, hemp bags, Chinese shoes, umbrellas, cured fish, groundnuts, opium, oil, liquor, paper, and firecrackers. There are seven American firms in Amoy, the English colony, however, forming the largest share of the population. Amoy receives from us kerosene, cotton, yarn, flour, ginseng, meats, bacon, hams, canned fruits, and dairy products amounting to about $200,000. The total value of the trade of Amoy exceeds $20,000,000.

Hong-kong is perhaps the most important consulate in Asia, that great British port being the largest distributing-point in the East. Hong-kong has a trade exceeding $250,000,000 per year, and its landlocked harbor is filled with steam and sailing vessels from all parts of the world. Its daily transient population is 6000. British, German, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegian, French, and American ships to the number of 19,000 per year clear from its harbor. Hong-kong is a free port. The tremendous trade of South China is transshipped there, and its great warehouses line both shores of the bay for miles. Hong-kong is the terminal point of the American liners from San Francisco, Tacoma, and San Diego, as well as of the several Philippine steamship companies. Invoices pass through the American consulate general exceeding $8,000,000. Despite the tremendous trade of Hong-kong, there are but a half-dozen American firms doing business there, and the American population is less than a hundred. Over one hundred American vessels were cleared last year, exclusive of liners.

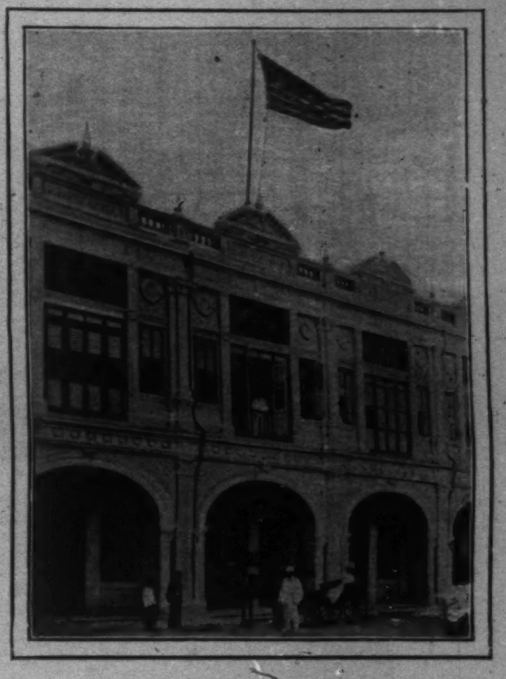


THE CONSULATE AT HONG-KONG, CHINA.

Canton, ninety miles up the Pearl River, has an estimated population of 2,500,000 or 3,000,000. Thousands of Chinese junks bring its products to Hong-kong for transshipment. Opium, cotton, silk, firecrackers, earthen-ware, ivory, sandal-wood, blackwood, toys, rice, and curios are shipped in enormous quantities. The consulate is located on Shameen, a small island, two and a half miles in circumference, in the West River close to the old Walled City. Foreign residents alone occupy Shameen, which is a concession made two hundred years ago to foreign powers. American capitalists have surveyed a railroad from Canton to Kowloon, opposite Hong-kong, but the retrogressive Chinese government has not been able to secure the consent of the local viceroy and mandarins, who are opposed to a competitive carrier for the Canton trade, now in the hands of thousands of small navigators. About the only Americans in Canton are a few missionaries, and a white face is still an object of curiosity to the Cantonese, despite the great number of tourists and buyers who visit the city annually. The customs, as elsewhere in China, are operated by English officials in the employ of the Chinese government.

Bangkok is a port of considerable importance, the consul-general having minister-resident powers. American flour, canned goods, wines, and beers, small quantities of cotton and piece goods, drugs, novelties, and electrical equipment from the United States have all found a market there. From Siam we buy rice, spices, gum, rosewood, hides, tin, and curios. One hundred and fifty Americans are engaged in business there.

Singapore is on the line of our Philippine transport service. Next to Hong-kong in importance, its trade with us amounts to $6,000,000 annually, while our imports are but a little over $1,000,000. Our exports to Singapore include arms and ammunition, carriage material, wheat, canned fruits, hardware, lamps, petroleum, tobacco, clocks, and minor novelties. While from them we receive coffee, spices, mace, rubber, tin, rattan, and tapioca. About fifty American ships clear from the consulate annually. Singapore, like Hong-kong, is a great warehouse city, and being a free port, it is difficult to accurately estimate her trade, although the English claim that it amounts to $153,151,000 annually.



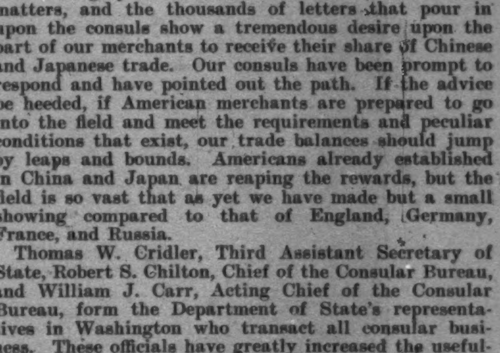
CONSULATE GENERAL, SINGAPORE.

The population is made up of Indians, 12,000; Tamils, 3452; Bengalis, Burmese, Parsees, Arabs, Jerves, Singhalese, Armenians, and Americans, a total of 100,000, probably the most cosmopolitan of any city in the East. The consulate is located on the main street of the city and the residence in the suburban section.

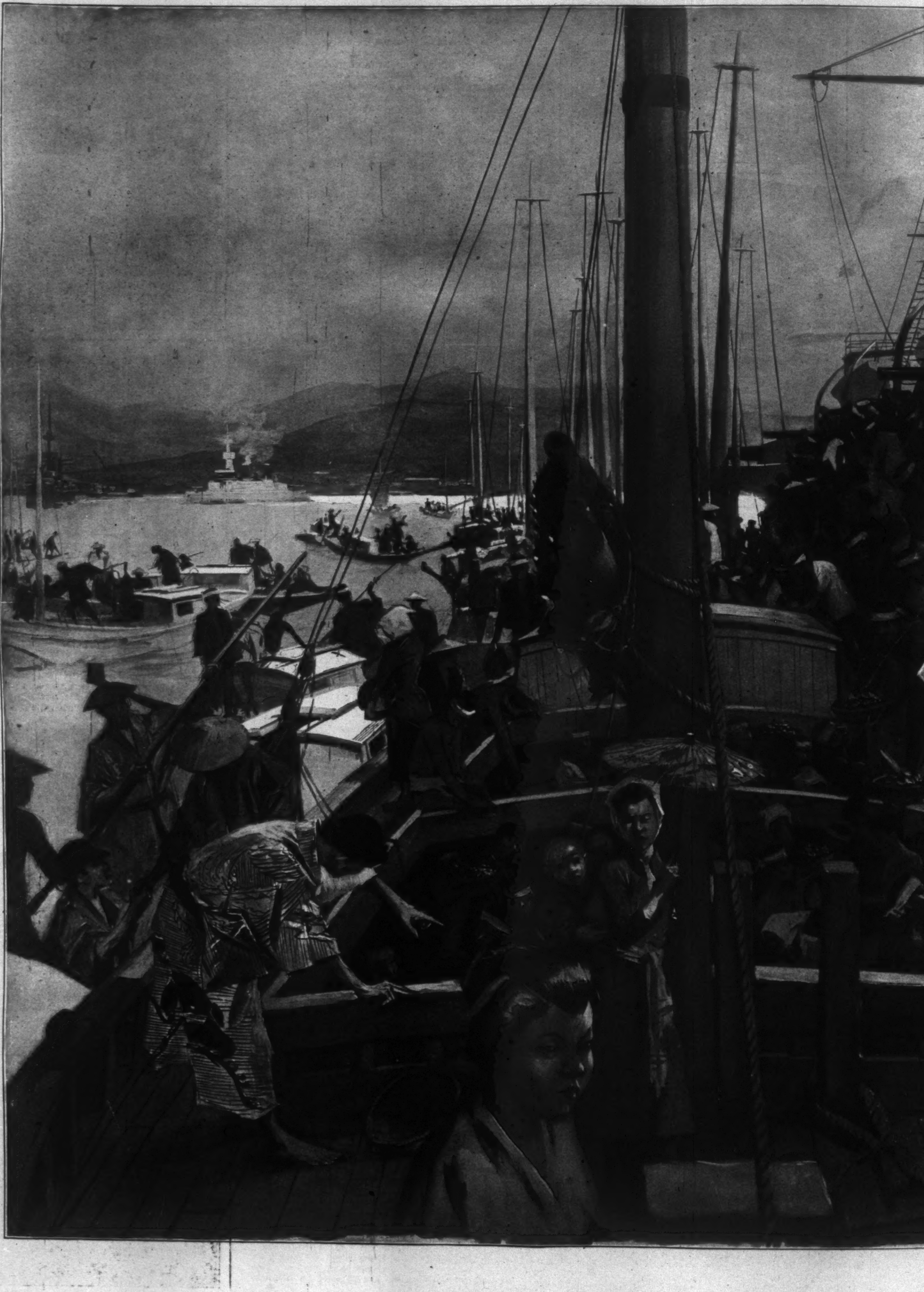
The figures given in the above estimates are approximate, and do not by any means show our total trade with China and Japan. Nor do they show the actual trade of the past year, which has greatly increased. The commercial directory of foreign residents in the principal Asiatic cities for 1899 gives 15,060 residents, of which a very small portion are Americans.

The figures given, however, show the volume of business done by our Asiatic consulates and illustrate their growing importance to American trade interests. It is estimated that our trade with China is but nine per cent. of her total foreign commerce, which amounted last year to $285,738,300, and American business men are thoroughly awake to our lassitude in Asiatic trade matters, and the thousands of letters that pour in upon the consuls show a tremendous desire upon the part of our merchants to receive their share of Chinese and Japanese trade. Our consuls have been prompt to respond and have pointed out the path. If the advice be heeded, if American merchants are prepared to go into the field and meet the requirements and peculiar conditions that exist, our trade balances should jump by leaps and bounds. Americans already established in China and Japan are reaping the rewards, but the field is so vast that as yet we have made but a small showing compared to that of England, Germany, France, and Russia.

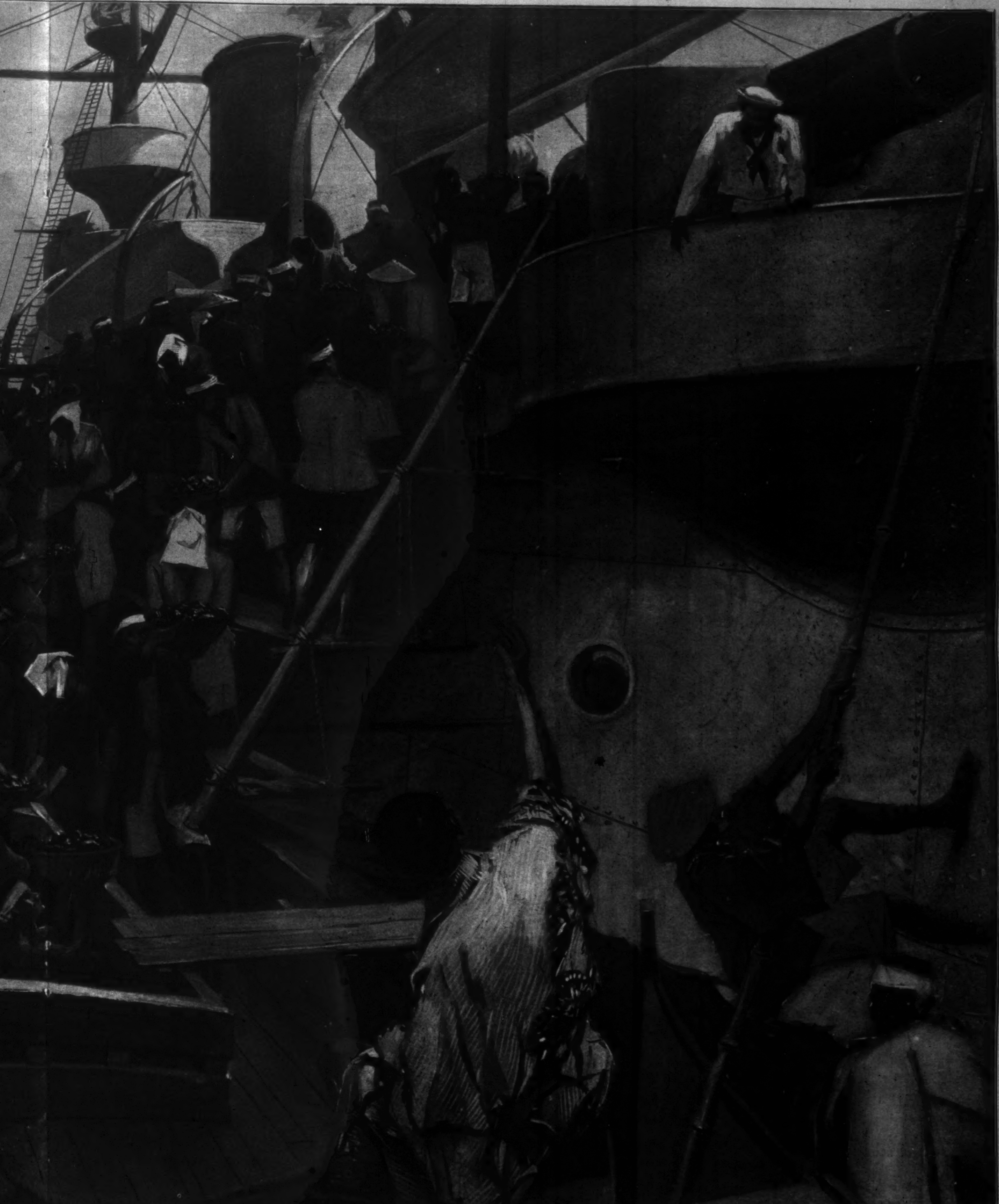
Thomas W. Cridler, Third Assistant Secretary of State, Robert S. Chilton, Chief of the Consular Bureau, and William J. Carr, Acting Chief of the Consular Bureau, form the Department of State's representatives in Washington who transact all consular business. These officials have greatly increased the usefulness of the consular system, and being close in touch with the business and diplomatic relations of the country, give to the service an administration that is bringing that important branch of the State Department the consideration and prominence it should receive.



CONSULATE GENERAL, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.



UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS



W. PETERS
JAPAN

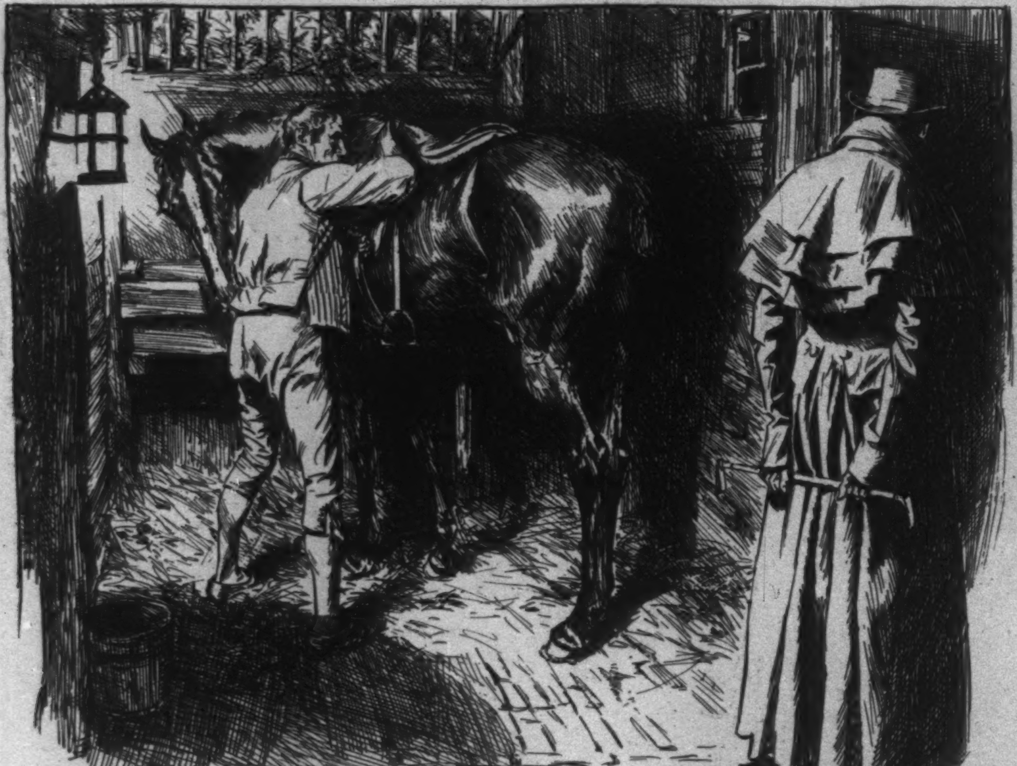
COALING AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.*

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

SHE crept down silently into the little haven where the pier jutted into the water. The cutter which was used by the Carmichaels was gone, but she chose the larger of two small boats in the house, and shoving it on the pebbles, launched it upon the broad face of that gray inviolable sea. Outside the haven she ran up the rag of sail and stood away from the island, purposing not to cross to Marlock, where she might be noted by Nicholas or one of his creatures, but to make for the village higher on the coast, which had been the scene of Warburton's grave adventure. She drew near to her destination at last, and ran the skiff ashore near by Vincehallow and entered the village. Hatless as she was, and breathing her distress with every deep inspiration, she startled the good people of Vincehallow, who recognized her at once. The miracle of her beauty, glowing brighter and fresher under her physical efforts, struck admiration to the heart of the village youth whom she addressed. She had a letter (she said) which must reach its goal at once; it was for Mr. Powis of Laycross. It was a tribute to her face as well as to her agitation that this large-bodied and frank-eyed young man became the messenger, and, once he had started, under particular orders to push on with all speed and at all hazards, Chloris went back to her boat. Yet now that her mission was over she began to doubt its success. If this man should fail to reach Laycross in time; if Mr. Powis should refuse to act upon such rude evidence; even if he were to act, but to act tardily—in all these cases it would spell Death to Warburton. Now that her messenger was gone she was frantic in her mind that she had suffered him to go, and had not herself undertaken the journey, broken, sore, and wounded as she was. And upon that succeeded the determination at least to see Warburton, to offer him a last warning, to plead yet again with him, to see if perchance he even now (God forefend!) might not be sacrificed to her brother's fury—nay, even at the lowest, to set eyes once more upon him, to hear again his voice, and to mingle again with his the accents and caresses of love.



WARBURTON HAD A HORSE SADDLED FOR THE JOURNEY.

She turned from the sea when the little running wavelets came up about her feet out of the vast invisible, and went briskly landwards, her face to the dunes, upon the other side of which lay Marlock and her lover.

Roger Warburton returned from a visit to the revenue sloop late in the evening. Gellibrand was in earnest as to his crusade, vowing to his friend that he would not leave one smuggler on the coast, that was not clapped into gaol, not he. Indeed, he intended what he said, and he was, besides, a fop and an admirer of beauty and rank, as smart a sailor as any in the revenue service. All that he wanted (he declared) was a hint. "Put me on a smell, Mr. Warburton," he boasted, "and I ask no more. I will fetch the vermin home. I'm main glad I saw that Frenchman; it gives me a thought, and I would like your advice, since you know these parts."

"I know 'em very scantily," said Warburton, "but you are welcome to my information."

"Have you heard talk of the free trade, as they call it?—damn 'em!" asked the Lieutenant. "I shall be obliged to you, sir, for all to join hands, that his Majesty may not be defrauded, and he who holds his tongue, if he knows anything, is a rogue, sir, and that's flat. He deserves hanging with the others."

"Ah!" said Warburton, "but these gentry hold together."

"Hold, sir!" cried Gellibrand. "Damme! they shall swing together. I will not be denied. I will not be denied. I will be off to-morrow the first thing to take counsel with Sir Stephen Carmichael. He should know a good deal."

"Aye, he should know a good deal," agreed Warburton, "but I hear he is sick abed."

"Sick, is he? Gad! I am sorry to hear it. Then I will pay my *devoirs* and be polite. I must stand on ceremony. I should have visited him before."

He saw his visitor off with deferential and alert politeness, and Warburton's boat dropped away for Marlock. As it left the sloop a cutter, wonderfully handled, sprang out of the gloom across his wake, and fluttered suddenly up into the wind. He looked back with curiosity at her, but saw no one on board, partly by reason of the growing darkness, and partly because of the plunging canvas. He headed his own boat for the shore, but after a moment's indecision the cutter put about and bore down on the sloop. It was Nicholas Carmichael who stepped aboard the latter, wildness in his eyes, but outwardly possessed and civil. He had recognized Warburton, and the struggle in his mind had been sharp and brief; but after all it was of most immediate importance to discover what he had been doing on the sloop, and how much Gellibrand knew. As for Warburton, nothing now could save him, and ten minutes more or less would take nothing from the fulness of his punishment.

But Warburton was at last serious in his resolve to guard himself, for he saw that the time was come when, if he put any value on his life, he must act prudently. He had almost composed his mind to end this business next day, and send the Carmichaels to what the law would exact of them. Yet he had still some considerations to ponder, and he wanted peace and solitude. When he had landed, therefore, he went not towards the "Three Feathers," but through the village and along the cliffs, where the cool breezes blowing off the sea were soft and pleasant to the flesh.

The gentle radiance of the field of stars spread about the black dunes, discriminating between hills and hollows and turning the night to a gray mist. He came soon upon the chapel ruins in the hollow, and passed into the aisle, which held a deeper quality of darkness within its walls; but between the massive broken pillars he came abrupt to a stop, for something lay at his feet, whiter than the darkness and softer and warmer than the cold hard earth. He struck a light that flickered, a pale thread of flame, in that deserted temple, and he was looking down upon the quiet face of Chloris.

With an exclamation of dismay, and a great fear at his breast, he stooped and lifted her, feeling at her bosom for the remnants of life; and next, lifting her in his arms, as if she had been a child, he stepped out of the ruins. Below the chapel in the heart of the sand hills stood, as he remembered, a little cottage inhabited by none, and now fallen to become the merest skeleton of boards, plaster, and rafters, and through the gaps in which the winds fluttered at will. Towards this refuge he picked his way, and arrived there, lighted a candle, and set her upon a rude couch of boxes. He poured some brandy into a glass and put it to her lips; she opened her eyes upon him and smiled faintly, trustingly, happily; after which she closed them again. Meanwhile Warburton was making a busy examination of her, and from the marks and signs upon her garments he guessed that she had come far and had probably been seeking him with news. He felt a spring of affection break newly from the heart that he had hardened, and Chloris Carmichael no longer seemed to be the sister of Nicholas or the daughter of her father, but a beautiful and devoted woman whom he loved. He touched her hands soothingly, and she looked up again at him, with a start.

"You shall tell me later, dear," said he; "drink again of this." She shook her head, anxiety once more regaining its seat in her expression.

"You are still safe, then?" she exclaimed, and drew a breath of relief. "But you will not be safe long," she added, quickly. "Nicholas has sworn to kill you. You are to die to-night."

"And yet," said he, smiling, "I am alive."

"No, no; you do not understand, sir; I do not think you appreciate your danger. The deed was in other hands before, but now Nicholas has taken upon himself the purpose—God forgive him, and that he is my brother!"

"I shall have him laid by the heels to-morrow," said Warburton, curtly. "I have waited long enough."

"Ah, you have waited too long," she said, and rose to her feet, uncertainly. "You must not go back to Marlock this night. I beg you, promise me that."

Warburton smiled. "I am afraid of no assassin, even if he be your brother," he said, bluntly.

"God is my witness," she declared, "that I have never yet asked anything of you, Roger Warburton, that was granted to me. Give me this one thing now. It is a little matter I ask of you, yet it is a great matter to me—'tis all in all, for 'tis your life. Give me your life, I pray you, sir, and you shall do otherwise what you will?"

"Tush, sweetheart!" said he. "I will do what I will in any case. But you must not be alarmed. Indeed, I may not consent to you; for I must carry my dearest lady to a shelter and safety."

"This shall be my shelter and my safety," she cried, vehemently. "Look you, I have travelled all the way from Lynsea, as these stains do witness, to accomplish this. And as I came I said in my heart, 'I will warn him, and he will obey me.' But then my heart questioned me, 'Nay, you will warn him, and he will laugh at you,' and which is right, my heart or I? Nay, I declare that I shall have my way, and that you shall tarry here this night, and here I will keep watch over you."

The emotion was tremulous in her voice, and Warburton, looking at her, answered nothing. He was sensibly moved by this declaration and by the thought that she had suffered these fatigues and pains to help him.

"Did you lose your way, Chloris?" he asked, gently. "How was it you came into such a plight, poor child?"

She shook her head, for she would not speak of what had happened.

"You must not concern yourself about me," he added.

"Oh," she broke forth, "cannot you understand that I am pleading for your life? I would not speak without knowledge, on mere secret fancy. Stay and save your life!"

"And to-morrow?" he asked, lightly.

"To-morrow also you shall be safe," she replied. "That is my part. I have accomplished that at least."

"How do you mean?" he asked, in astonishment. "What have you done to protect me? How can you, a girl?"

"I have taken such a step," she said, swiftly, and with some solemnity in her manner, "that no more plots shall be laid against you. You shall walk safely after to-morrow, and the wicked men that seek your life shall seek in vain."

"What is it you have done?" he asked, puzzled.

She sobbed. "I have given up my brother to justice," she whispered.

"What!" he cried. "You have done this for me?"

"I have sent word of the plot—I have told of the free trade. He will be seized by the morrow. Oh, my love—sir, if you care one tittle for me, stay here to-night, so that what I have done shall not be in vain!"

Warburton answered her with a nod, for of a truth he was astounded by this news and by the revelation of her sacrifice.

"How did you send word, and to whom?" he asked, slowly.

She told him in her whisper, breathing faster, but now lower, in the pleasure of his touch—her face at his breast. As his hand moved on the lustrous glory of her hair it rested sharply, and he took it away.

"What is this?" he asked; "you are cut—you bleed!"

"'Tis nothing," she whispered—"nothing, my love. I feel nothing."

"What is this, too, that you took for my sake?" he asked, with his former slowness.

"'Tis nothing," she repeated, hiding her face on his breast. "I would suffer ten thousand times so little for your sake. I desire only to have you with me, and you will stay?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

He set her gently aside. "No," he said, "I may not stay, but indeed I shall not go to Marlock. I will not have you more generous than I. I will not be outbidden by any woman."

"What?" she asked, in alarm and dismay, not understanding.

He drew her close and kissed her lips; for all her whiteness and her fallen hair she looked more beautiful than ever before.

"Let that guard you, sweetheart," he said. "I will return."

"Whither do you go?" she asked, anxiously.

"That letter must not reach the magistrate," he said, with determination. "You have given up too much for me, God knows. I will not be outdone by you."

"What!" she cried; "you would intercept the letter, and destroy your only safeguard?"

"You have given up too much for me, God knows," he repeated. "I never knew you. Nay, I will not suffer it. You shall not have your brother's death upon your conscience. You ask too much of yourself."

"Nay, nay, let it be; let it be," she pleaded, in dismay.

He passed to the door, and as quickly halting on a new thought, cast back a glance of strange resolution; he had the aspect, so alive to his common habit, of one under the fire and influence of some exalted and unusual emotion. He returned to the girl, and slipping his hand within a pocket of his coat, brought forth a piece of paper.

"I leave it in your hands," he said, quietly. "Burn it. Destroy it; let me find it gone when I return. 'Tis Bonaparte's letter." He went again to the door. "I bid you stay, Chloris," he said. "I will presently return, for there is still time to do what I wish," and lifting the latch, he went forth.

CHAPTER XVIII

A ROBBERY AND AN ARREST

THERE was wind in the grass when he set foot upon the dunes and turned his face towards Marlock. The justice, Mr. Powis, with whom he had a passing acquaintance, lived, as he was aware, in a joint of two valleys far up under the brow of the moorland; and from what Chloris had let fall, he calculated that he could reach the house on horseback from the village ere the foot-messenger could arrive. To carry out this plan it was necessary that he should take a horse in Marlock, and his own was stabled at the "Three Feathers," to which inn he bent his steps. The night was well advanced towards midnight when he entered the village, and having roused the ostler with difficulty, had the nag saddled for the journey. The man regarded him suspiciously, and, the noise of these preparations going abroad, he thought he saw the frightened countenance of Tremayne flattened against the glass of an upper window in the tavern. But he paid no heed, as in truth it would have been well to do; for no sooner was he upon the road, clattering inland out of Marlock, then the door of the inn opened, and Tremayne stole forth with the air of conspiracy, and made his way down to a house by the edge of the sea. Out of this presently emerged Nicholas Carmichael, and now the ostler went through the same business in the stables with another horse; so that by eleven of the clock two horsemen were cantering up the combe in the teeth of the rising wind, both solitary to the dark, and both unmoved by warm and exhilarating feelings.

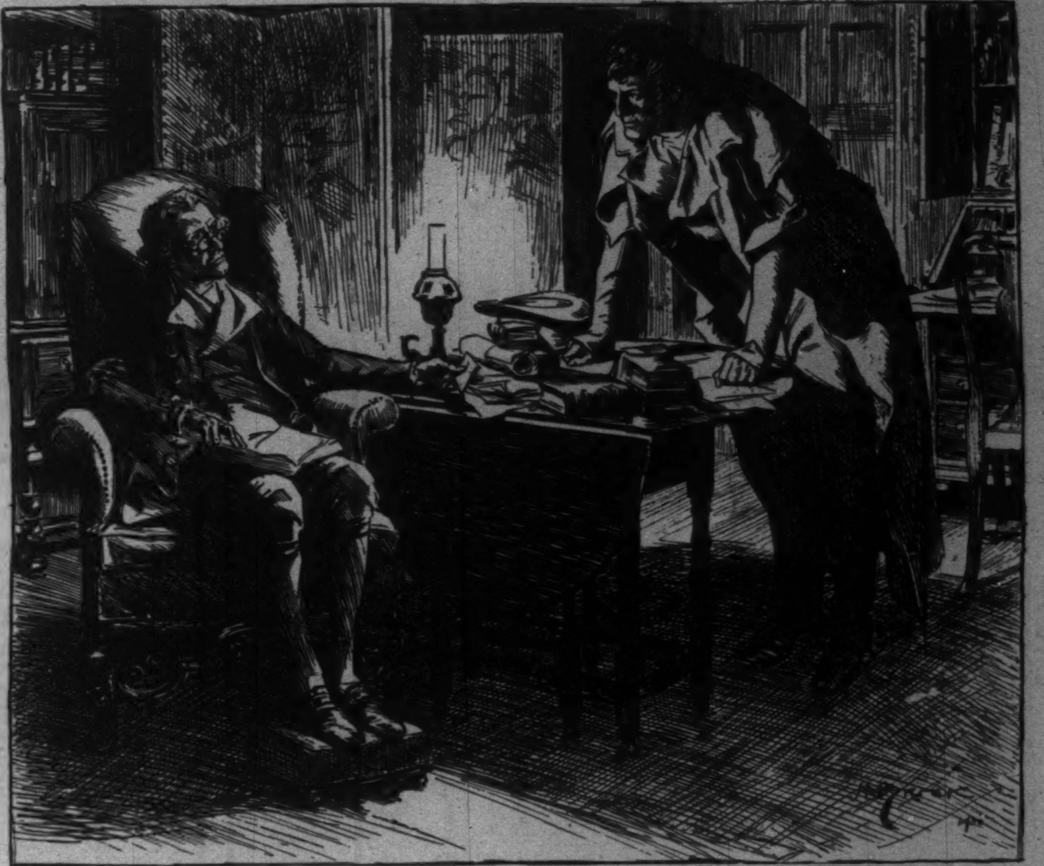
To Warburton the chase of this innocent messenger had come home with the excitement of the hunt; he pushed his horse ahead along the steep and rocky way, fearful lest he should have underestimated the time and would be too late. The animal was upstanding and stanch and fresh, and thus it was that even Nicholas Carmichael, riding furiously, could make no way upon him. Somewhere, far off, the winds of the night brought down to him the sounds of his quarry, but he never drew near enough to set eyes on him under those pale stars. By rough woods and narrow lanes, along bridle-tracks and across open spurs of the hills, rode Roger Warburton, and behind him, scarce half a mile distant, followed his pursuing fate. The vicinity of Laycross, as Mr. Powis's property was styled, was heavily clad with trees, so that they made thick night about the hamlet. Through this blackness Warburton rode up to the house and rang loudly upon the bell, for he could see a light burning through the lower windows, which told him that some one was yet astir. A sleepy-looking fellow answered the door, and to Warburton's direct question returned a negative. No messenger had arrived that night, and no letter had come to his master. Warburton's heart beat higher with satisfaction as he rode out of the gates and took up a post in the direct way towards the coast, beneath the evening shadows of the summer trees.

He had not been in his place very long when there was the noise of a horse's hoofs upon the road, and he saw approaching a rider out of the ascent from Marlock. But this could not be the messenger who went by foot, and he stirred not from his shelter. The horseman pulled in and stood silent in the middle of the road before Laycross, his long black figure visible in the faint light. Then he set his horse walking slowly forward, and as he faded away out of sight into the neutral night, Warburton was aware of footsteps that drew nigh. A man hopped over a stile and dropped into the road; then walked straight towards him.

"'Tis my man," said Warburton, under his breath, and moving his horse, hailed him.

The new-comer, who looked in the gloom to be a fine tall fellow, waited on the edge of the entrance to the park. Away in the night the second horseman reined in again, and turned his ear towards the voice.

"Look you, my good fellow," said Warburton; "you bear a letter to Mr. Powis, do you not? 'Twas a lady sent you, and I am here to tell you that she has changed her mind, and does not desire it shall be delivered."



"YOU ASK ME TO GIVE THIS UP TO YOU UNREAD?"

For reply the man darted swiftly forward, and was through the gate ere Warburton was aware of the trick. With an oath he followed. The man gained the doorway, and the bell pealed out in the courtyard, jangling inharmoniously on the quiet night. Ere Warburton could get to the house the sleepy servant had opened the door, the letter was delivered, and the officious and faithful messenger had slipped away into the invisible from which he had come.

Warburton hesitated not, for his obstinate temper was now fully roused. Drawing to the door, he also rang, and, when the servant appeared, stared quickly at his hands as if he expected to find the letter there.

"Is your master abed?" he asked, suppressing his disappointment. The man thought not, but would see, and Warburton followed on his heels, entering a small and comfortable room, a sort of study, brilliantly lighted, in which a small, middle-aged man of equable face sat before a table reading.

He looked up in astonishment at the intrusion, and Warburton bowed. "I must ask your pardon, Mr. Powis, for this untimely interruption," said he, "but indeed I have some pressing business with you, as you shall see presently."

The Justice of the Peace put down his book. "Will you take a seat, Mr. Warburton?" said he, with a civil gesture.

Warburton did not accept the invitation. "I am come here, sir," he began, slowly and ponderously, "upon business which concerns a correspondent of yours."

"Indeed, sir!" said the Justice. "Who may that be?"

"'Tis a woman, sir, who has writ what she should not have writ, and that which her friends desire her to withdraw."

The Justice's eyes fell, almost as if by accident, upon the letter by his hand. "You ask me to give this up to you unread?" he asked.

"Unopened, sir, unbroken," said Warburton, bluntly.

"Do you bear any authority from the writer to that effect?" inquired Mr. Powis, after a pause.

"I carry no authority," said Warburton, curtly. "I ask you to take my word that this should not have been sent you."

Mr. Powis sat back in his chair, still holding the letter. "Mr. Warburton," said he, slowly, "you come of an excellent, a noble family, which has rendered great service to the state. I believe you to be an honorable man, as all that blood is honorable. Yet you puzzle me. I have had to take a course to-day which has been repugnant to me, but was thrust upon me by an urgent information—an affidavit, in fact. Is it on this business you are here?"

"I know nothing of what you speak of," said Warburton, staring. "I am only here to get that letter, as I have informed you."

Mr. Powis straightened himself. "I regret, Mr. Warburton, that your request is impossible to grant," he said, formally. "It is absurd that you should think I could entertain it."

Warburton took a breath deeply, which was one of strenuous resolution; he would not budge, but he did not desire to be forced on arbitrary action.

"Let me put a fact before you, sir," he pleaded. "What I am asking you to do is, to save a woman from herself, to preserve her self-respect for her and her peace of mind. If you refuse me you commit this woman perhaps to a life-long remorse, and to the punishment of her own bitter regret. I do not ask of you anything that in any way affects myself; only a woman who is weak and has suffered through the weakness of her sex."

"The poverty of that sex, sir," responded the magistrate, "is no plea for the alms of justice. I can entertain no such proposal from you. I open this letter, and I shall read here what is written. If there is anything that I should know, you may trust me to act; but if there is some mistake and I am listening to the improper confidences of a headstrong or hysteric girl, you may rest assured that 'twill go no further—the news shall perish with me in this room."

"That is not enough, sir," said Warburton. "I have asked more, and I will be content with no less. I am not here to be beaten down. You force me, sir, upon a course I would rather not take."

Mr. Powis considered him. "You mean that you would use violence to gain your end?" he said. "Well, Mr. Warburton, I am no rustic; I have been a lawyer in London; and I think I can give you a clear notion how the law stands. Let me tell you that you would stand to it in a very dangerous predicament."

"It is unnecessary to waste words, sir," interrupted Warburton. "I have given you warning. Yonder I see is a clock, and I will give you two minutes to make up your mind."

The magistrate looked at the clock, and it seemed of a sudden to have jumped into consciousness; the long pendulum swung with a slow and dignified click, and the weights creaked near the floor. Under his hand a stiff sheet of parchment crackled, and he cast his eyes down upon it.

"I would you were gone, sir," he said, in his cool voice, as if the last words had not been uttered. "I would you had come on some other business. If it had been for this affidavit you had come, I would have been content. Upon my soul, I believe you should have had it on your bare word."

"I know nothing of any affidavit," said Warburton. "Sir, I would draw your attention to the clock."

Mr. Powis followed his glance, and then, impeccably calm, revisited Warburton's face. On neither countenance was any trace of emotion.

"You are between me and the bell, sir," said the magistrate. "Again you are a stronger man and younger. I think you must be twice my weight."

"I am taking this advantage of you to-night," was Warburton's answer. "I am, as you will admit, sir, carrying it through as gently and mildly as I may. To-morrow it will be another matter. I am at your disposal when and where you will."

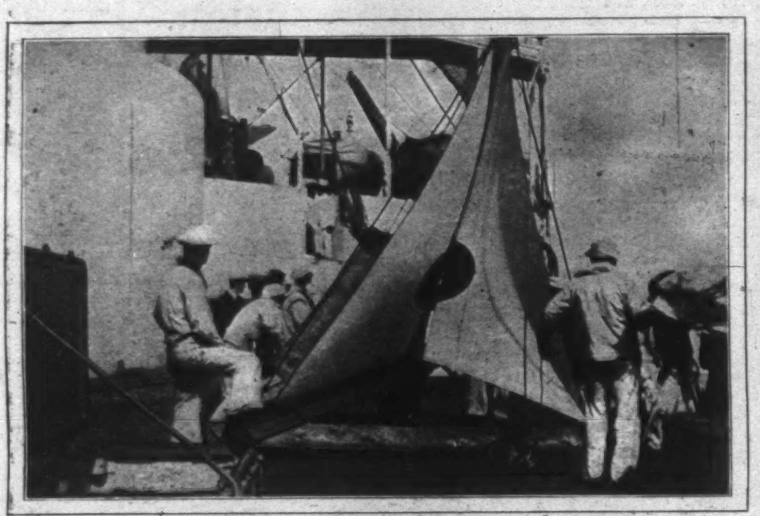
"You mistake; not at my disposal, but at the disposal of that force I represent—the Law," said Mr. Powis, quietly.

Warburton shrugged his shoulders. "The time is up," he said, and, advancing, put out a hand for the letter, which now lay upon the table. The magistrate watched him out of his deep-set eyes, but moved not, and the letter was between Warburton's fingers. He put it in the breast of his coat, and made for the door.

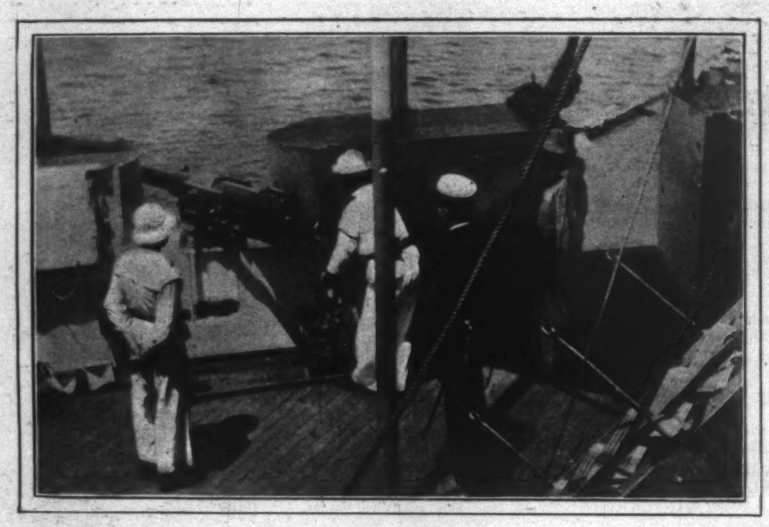
"I shall be at your disposition, sir, after to-night," he repeated.

Mr. Powis answered nothing, merely bowed his head, and continued to regard him softly as he disappeared through the doorway.

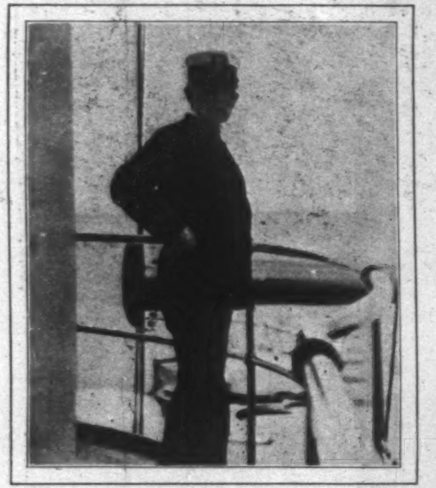
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



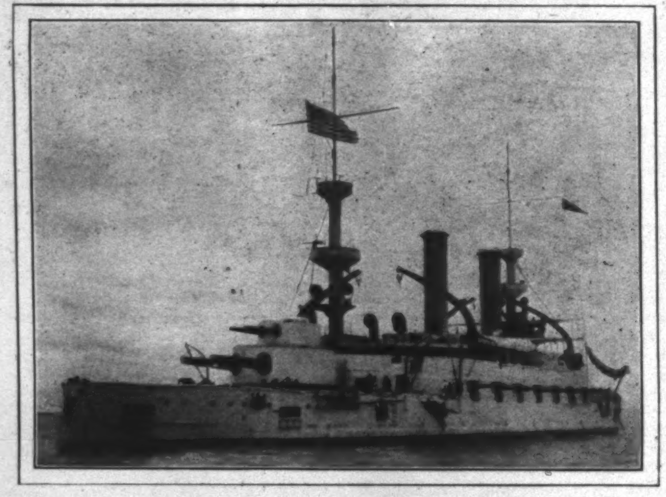
THE TARGET.



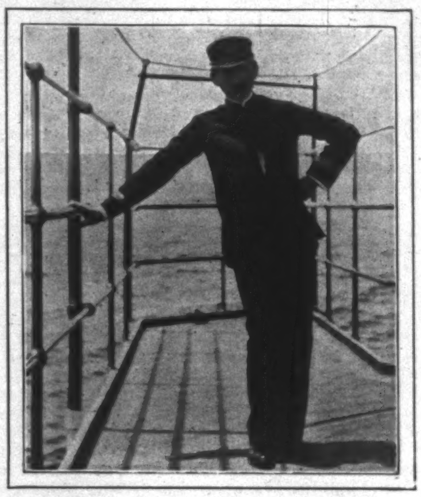
A GUN OF THE SECONDARY BATTERY.



CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER.

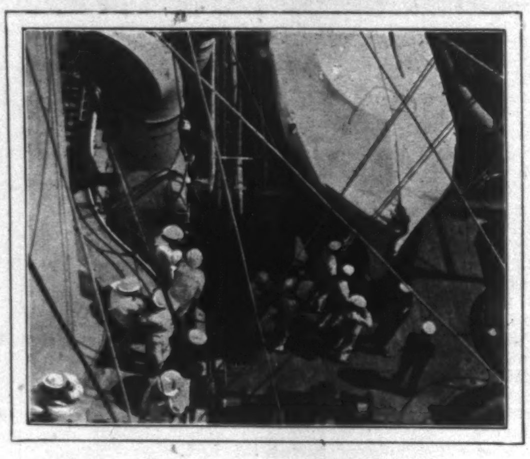


THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY," STERN VIEW.

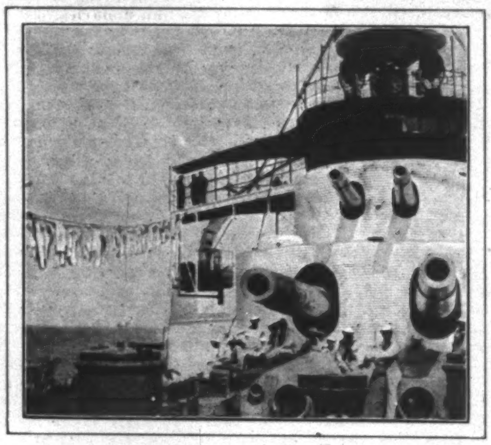


NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR R. STOCKER.

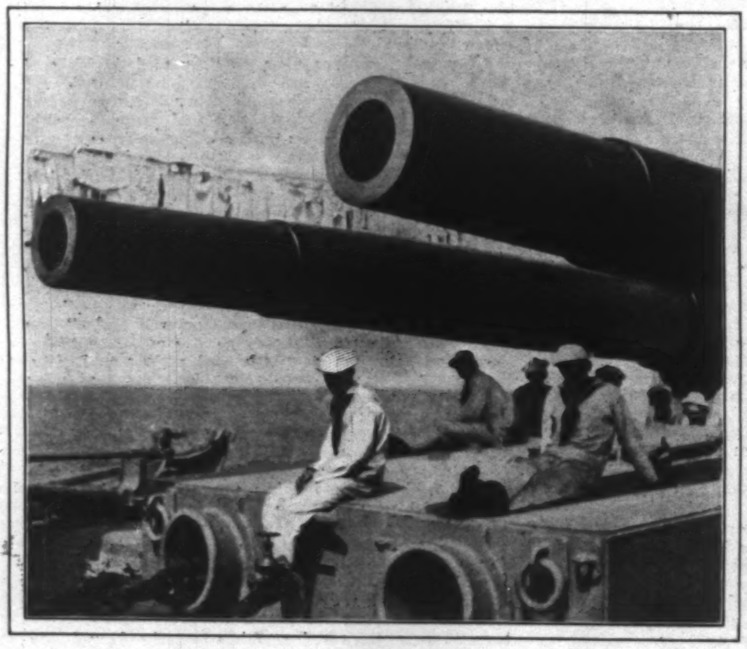
RECORDING A SHOT.



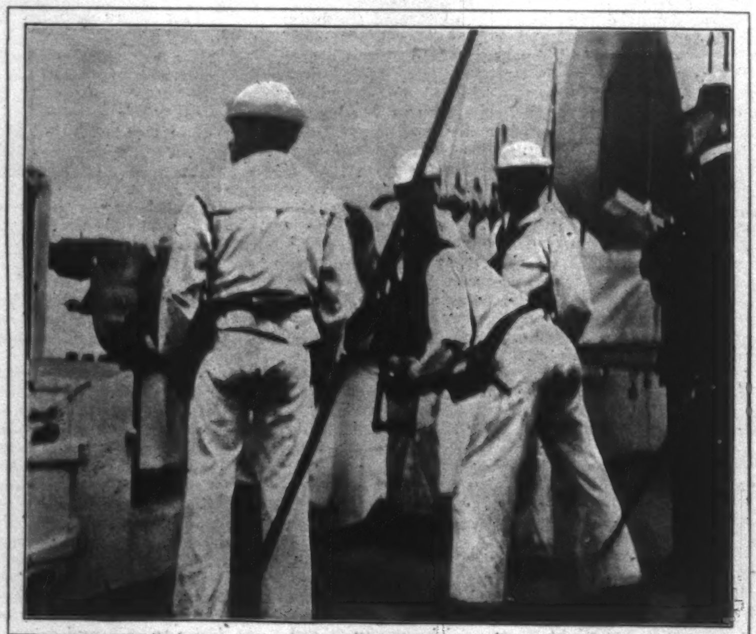
THE DECK, FROM THE FORETOP.



THE SUPERIMPOSED TURRETS.



THE FORWARD 13-INCH GUNS.



FIRING A 6-POUNDER.

THE GUN-TRIALS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY," JUNE 14, 1900.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THERE seems to be plenty of the old crusader spirit left in the world. Bishop Cranston (Methodist) of Oregon, who lately returned from China, is quoted as proclaiming on June 17, from a pulpit in Denver, that civilized nations must rule China, and that it is worth any cost in money or in bloodshed if we can make the Chinese true and intelligent Christians. "I would cut all the red-tape in the world," cried the bishop, "and break all the treaties ever made, to place the armies of the United States in the fore next to Great Britain. The open door must be maintained for Christianity as well as for commerce."

That suggests a pretty big programme of expanded expansion; bigger, no doubt, by a good deal than Uncle Sam could be induced to countenance. Presumably when Bishop Cranston talks about making the Chinese true and intelligent Christians he means Christians like ourselves and the British. But there are four hundred million Chinese, and strong people at that. If the means of grace could be made so to abound among them as to bring their wants, desires, ambitions, abilities, and standards of living up to those of the Americans and the British, it would make one speculate with grave anxiety as to whether there was enough of the earth and its fulnesses to go round among so many. The British want the ocean and its convenient shores, and the Americans want America and the outlying districts. They are the two peoples which most abound in missionary spirit. If the Chinese should become touched with the same aspirations and quickened with a like intelligence the effect on the world might be similar to the effect on Australia of the introduction of rabbits. Yet, of course, it is shocking to the sentiments of all Christian people to suggest that it is inexpedient that the Chinese should be Christianized. That suggestion is not here made, but it does seem that if ever the four hundred million Chinese do become true and intelligent Christians like the British and us, we shall all have to go back to the New Testament for Christian principles of equitable division and mutual toleration, the practice of which will be a considerable strain on our piety.

* * *

THE war which at this writing is actually going on in China has brought home to all of us who read newspapers how much more extensive and important our missionary interests in China are than any other interests we have there at present. Four-fifths of the anxiety in this country is about the missionaries, and the other fifth about our diplomatic and consular representatives. The friends of Americans in Peking and thereabouts have ample grounds for concern, for though, as far as we learn, it is the native Christians that the Boxers are after rather than the foreigners, the Boxers seem not to be respecters of persons, or more responsible than other rioters, and there is no means of foretelling either what they may want to do, or what degree of protection the Chinese apology for a government may be able to extend to foreigners. To all appearance there is a great crisis ahead in China, and a crisis with which the whole of Christendom is more or less intimately concerned. Nobody pretends to know what is going to happen, or what sort of a rearrangement of Chinese affairs will result, but all the world is looking on, and all the great powers are watching one another and the situation, and cabling for news, and sending ships and troops to various Chinese ports. It is exceedingly interesting; all the more so because of the difficulty of getting anything more than guesses at what is really going on.

* * *

THE perplexities of the trustees of the Andover Theological Seminary, as lately disclosed in the conferences that attended the Commencement season, are of a nature to excite attention and sympathy. The fame of the seminary has gone abroad in the land these many decades. There is none of greater renown, whose record is more brilliant, or which has seemed to be more favored in location and estate. It is old as seminaries go in this country, but that means only old enough to have a past and a reputation. But, sad to say, it has come to want—to a want not of money, but of students. With all the buildings it requires, an honorable history, an able corps of professors, and an enviable location in one of the most famous and charming villages in New England, it has been graually losing its grip on contemporary life, until last fall only five new students came to it and only twenty-five students in all profited by its opportunities. As the seminary has nine professors, three lecturers, and an endowment approaching two million dollars, twenty-five students seem a meagre grist to bring to so great a mill. So the trustees are anxious to know what is the matter and what steps should be taken to make the institution more useful in its day and generation.

One opinion is that Andover, pleasant as it is, is no longer a good place to train ministers, but that the great cities nowadays offer advantages which no village can rival; so it has been suggested that the seminary should be moved to Cambridge, and possibly brought into association with the Harvard Divinity School. But there is strong and natural opposition to moving the seminary, and it seems reasonable to doubt whether the cure of its ailments could be effected by mere change of air. Students of theology would probably go to Andover almost as readily as to Cambridge if they got what they wanted there. The trouble seems to be more with the theology which Andover is constrained to teach than with the place where the teaching goes on. Young students of theology want the latest theological truth, and Andover, as it appears, is bound to doctrines which do not seem to aspiring students to embody the most recent conclusions of learned piety. It is Calvinism that seems to ail the Andover Seminary. It is shackled in some measure to Calvinism, and judging from its experience, and from other signs of the times, Calvin's theological conclusions are no longer marketable. It seems irreverent to speak of the great theologian as a "has-been" or a "back number," but Andover's experience seems to indicate that there may be truth enough in such a description to atone for its inelegance. If the Andover theology is sound, mankind must come back to it. If it is not quite sound, and cannot be cured, the seminary will doubtless continue to languish until it breaks away from it.

* * *

THE recent decision of a United States district judge that agents from other States may take orders in Kansas for liquor gives a Topeka correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* a text for some discourse about the status of the rum traffic in Kansas. He says that though for twenty years past the Constitution of Kansas has prohibited the sale of liquor in the State, State prohibition practically amounts to local option, with the presumption of law on the side of the temperance people. In the larger towns, except Topeka, the prohibition law has never been strictly enforced. In smaller towns the law is enforced where the people favor it, but cannot be enforced where public opinion does not back it up. The story is told of the experience of the small town of Beattie, where a woman, Mrs. Totten, was elected Mayor last year on the "dry" ticket. There was only one saloon in town, and she closed it, though bad liquor was still purchasable at a drug-store at two dollars a pint. But the town did not like the degree of dryness her rule induced. The Swedish farmers who had been used to come to Beattie to trade were wont to drink some beer and play billiards before they went home, and these indulgences being denied them, their trade began to seek other commercial centres. So next election Beattie chose a man Mayor whose platform was one or two saloons to pay $300 a year license, and a billiard hall; all to be closed on Sundays. So Beattie under a prohibition law got practically high license, which was not a bad result. That is said to be a common condition in Kansas towns where public sentiment does not endorse prohibition. A few saloons are allowed, and their owners pay a monthly fine in the police courts, which amounts to a fixed license. That Kansas under prohibition is more abstemious than New York under the Raines law is not demonstrated. Local option is a good thing. It keeps saloons out of communities where a majority of the people don't want them. If Kansas prohibition amounts to local option its practice is better than its theories would lead us to expect.

* * *

THERE was at least one interesting incident of the Otis reception in Rochester which seems not to have got into the newspapers. The contractor who built the arch which was the chief decoration for the day employed some non-union labor, on which account the labor-union associations would not appear in the parade. One organization, including trades-union men among its members, which did somehow set out to march with the procession, came to the arch on its way up the street to the point where the line was formed, and, declining to pass through, bolted out among the crowd and passed around it. After that it did not attempt to march in the line, but disbanded and went home.

It must be apparent to any one who watches the signs of the times that the combinations of labor unions which aspire to control the market for skilled labor in all parts of the country form one of the most serious complications, perhaps the most serious, which just now confronts our civilization. The purpose of the unions, as pretty clearly demonstrated of late in Chicago and St. Louis, is that no man shall work at a trade except as the unions direct, and during such hours and for such wages as the unions prescribe; that no employer shall hire other than union labor; and that any man, workman or employer, who violates the unions' commands must expect violent and protracted persecution. Mr. N. F. Thompson, of Huntsville, Alabama, secretary of the Southern Industrial Convention, discoursed about this trades-union question before the Industrial Commission at Washington the other day. Labor organizations, he said, are now the greatest menace to this government that exists. As the result of years of study and wide observation he declared that the organizations were degenerating, and the signs of it he found in these facts: that many leaders are avowed socialists; that the organizations are weakening the ties of citizenship; that they create widespread disregard for the rights of others entitled to the protection of organized society; that they tend to destroy respect for law and authority among working-men; that they array working-men against employer and create antagonism between persons whose interests are interdependent; that they demand of the Federal, State, and municipal authorities class legislation and class discriminations utterly at variance with the principles of our government; that they destroy the right of original contract between employers and employees; and that by their abuse they bring reproach on the judicial tribunals of the country. Mr. Thompson thinks that strikes and boycotts should be made a felony; and his device for settling disputes between employers and workmen is compulsory arbitration. There seems to be no trust anything like so arbitrary as the great labor trusts. No employer goes farther with his employees than to say, "I will pay you such wages and no more." He does not say, "You shall work for my wages." He says, "You may work or not." But the labor unions say in effect to the employers, "You shall do so and so, and if not, neither we nor any one else shall work for you." Almost every one favors labor unions when wisely managed and limited in their purposes to aims which do not conflict with the rights of other members of the communities in which they exist, but the developments in the Western cities indicate that an attempt is being made to create a great monopoly of skilled labor, which shall include and control every man who works at a trade or for a corporation, and shall dictate conduct and terms to every employer of such men. It is too big an undertaking to succeed, but it is not too big to make a vast deal of trouble.

* * *

THERE is still doubt in some minds whether a college training is compatible with a considerable success in money-making. Mr. James B. Dill, of New York, a lawyer famous for his services to corporations, has expressed sentiments on this subject which college men will be cheered to read. He told the students of Williams College the other day that the corporate tendency of the day had created so active a demand for trained minds as to make a college training essential to business success. That is putting it strong; but it represents, no doubt, the result of Mr. Dill's observations and is probably true, at least in so far as concerns the service of the great corporations. The men who have made immense fortunes in developing the country—men more numerous in the last generation than now, but of whom James J. Hill and Collis P. Huntington are good examples—were not college-bred men. Remembering them, some persons still think that even now the great money prizes in the world are not for men of college training. Perhaps not, but of the lesser and vastly more numerous business opportunities of our day the college men get their full share, and as the country develops, the greater chances become so rare that it is not worth while for a likely lad to keep out of college on the chance of finding one.

* * *

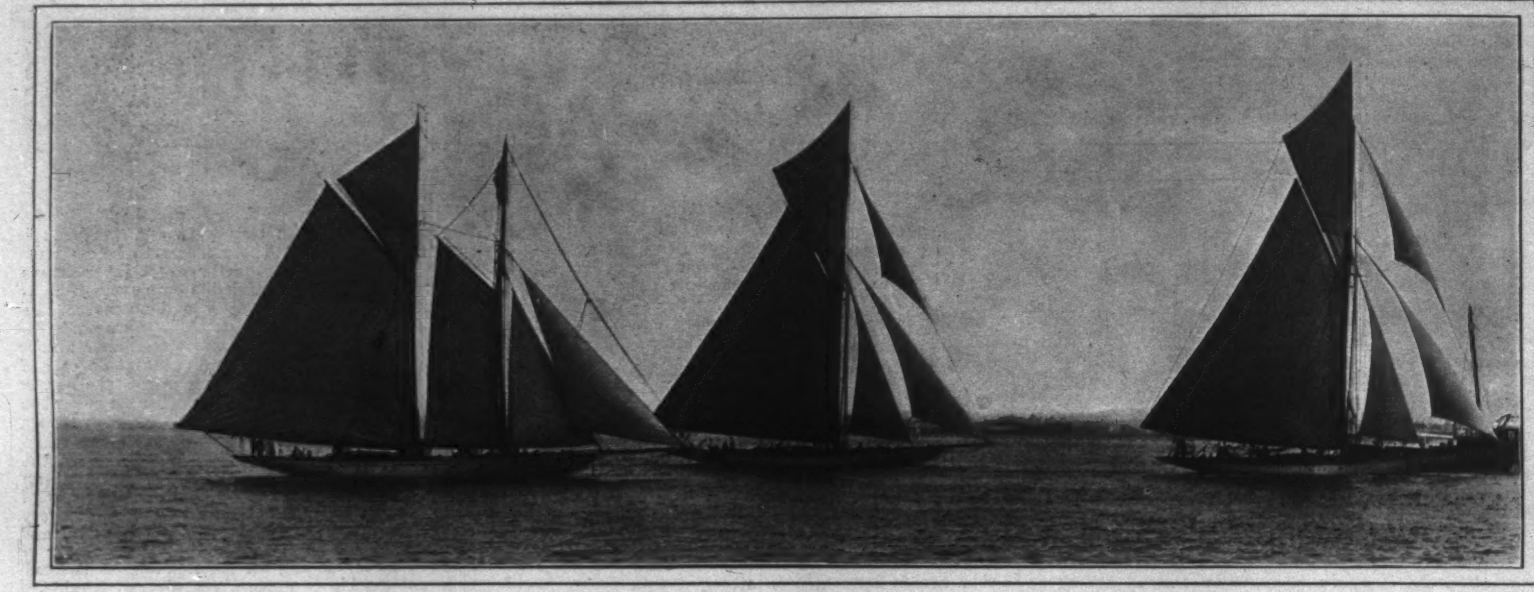
THE death of H. Walter Webb, on June 17, ends what was almost a public career and one of remarkable activity and success. Mr. Webb was best known as the third vice-president of the New York Central Railroad, for it was in that capacity that he first became conspicuous by his management of the strike of 1890. It happened, as will be recalled, when President Depew was abroad, and the brunt of the fight came upon Mr. Webb, a man thirty-eight years old and only five months in his place. He won it; but we are told that the strain of that conflict was what really killed him. Long after it he served the New York Central Railroad with zeal and ability, and it is largely to him that its exploits in the way of regular fast trains like the Empire State Express are attributed. He had been an invalid most of the time since November, 1896, but last winter he got better, so that until recently his recovery was hoped for.

* * *

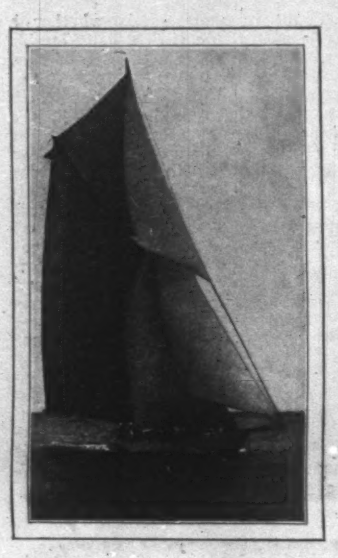
THERE is a distressing disparity of statement about the condition of the health of Mrs. Eddy, the eminent and chief prophet of Christian Science. She lives at Concord, New Hampshire, and the Concord correspondent of a Portsmouth paper insists that she is in a bad way and has creeping paralysis. She has an understudy, he says, who is exhibited to the world in her stead, and upon whom the visiting faithful look and are revived and edified. It is an interesting story, but it lacks proof, and is vehemently denied in all its particulars by persons who say they know. It is true that even if Mrs. Eddy were in bad health, it would be inconsistent with her principles to admit it, and also that if the outward signs of physical frailty were conspicuous upon her no one of her faithful followers could consistently recognize them. For a Christian Scientist to say that she looks robust and vigorous and has nothing the matter with her may be simply a form of "treatment," so that Scientist assurances as to her good health are not absolutely convincing. All accounts agree, however, that she is alive, and perhaps that is as much as the world is entitled to know about her.

* * *

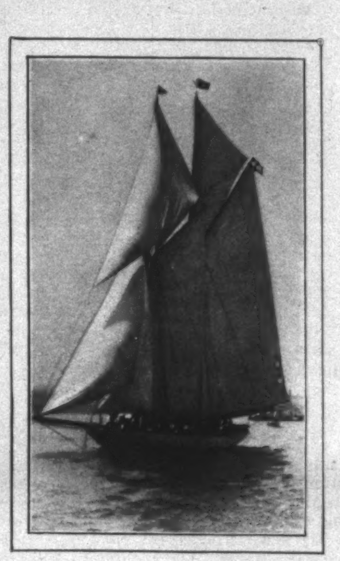
THE Nancy Hanks Lincoln Monument Association of Indianapolis has undertaken to care for and beautify the site of the grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother. It is at the top of a hill near Lincoln City, Spencer County, Indiana, not far from the spot where Thomas Lincoln, in 1816, built a log house when he moved to Indiana from Kentucky. It is well that her grave should have attention. Her services to her country were far greater than she ever suspected. Little as we know of her, we know enough to make her appear a more engaging person than the mother of Washington, whose grave of late years has also fallen to the charge of appreciative care-takers.



THE 70-FOOT SLOOPS "MINEOLA" AND "RAINBOW" MANŒUVRING AT THE START, N. Y. Y. C. REGATTA.



THE "SYCE."



FLAG-SHIP "CORONA."

The Opening of the Yachting Season

THOUGH light and variable winds detracted much from the interest in the regattas of the New York and Atlantic yacht clubs, the season's sport opened in a satisfactory and promising manner. New boats and old favorites took part in class contests, and the enthusiasm manifested by owners and crews in the outcome was significant. Not in ten or fifteen years has the racing outlook in the yachting world been so good as it is now. The craze—if it can be given that designation—for boats propelled by steam seems to have been supplanted by the laudable desire to build improved sailing-craft of moderate and small sizes and to race them at every opportunity presented. The yacht clubs, taking the liberality of the New York Yacht Club in the matter of its season's prizes as an example, have offered so many cups of value, owners are bewildered by the numerous chances to secure the trophies.

In one-design boats the year will be memorable. The new 70-footers designed by Captain N. G. Herreshoff and built on historic ground at Bristol, Rhode Island, naturally take precedence. Four of them will be seen in keen struggles by the middle of July, but at this writing there has been only one meeting, between the first and second boats completed.

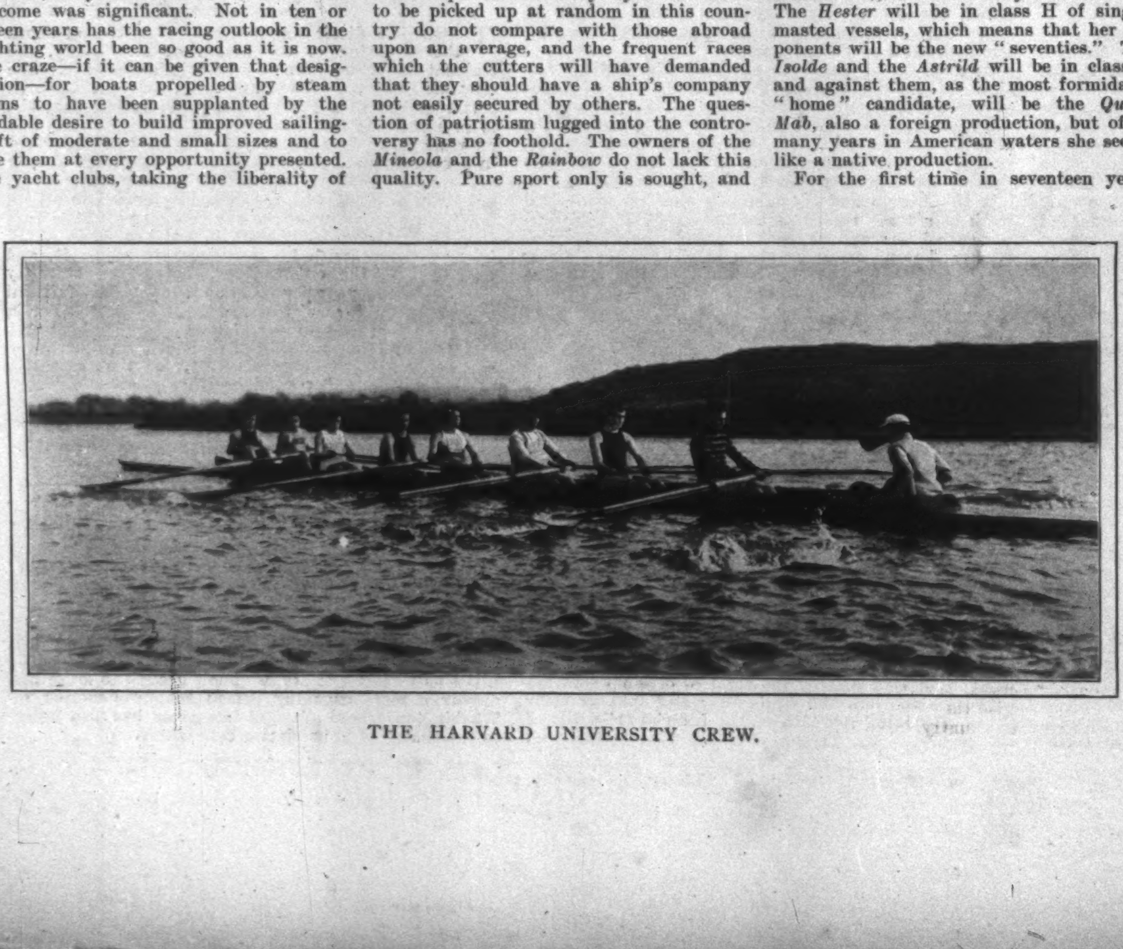
The "seventies" are similar in every respect to the champion *Columbia* of last year, but have many improvements in rig and equipments. In the N. Y. Y. C. regatta the *Mineola* defeated the *Rainbow* a matter of one minute and a few seconds, but the breezes were all around the compasses, and in the main of only zephyr strength. It was a sportsmanlike act for Mr. Vanderbilt to send his yacht all the way from Newport to meet the *Mineola*, as she was not ready, and her crew had not yet become familiar with her. She was beaten, but not disgraced.

The captains of both the *Mineola* and the *Rainbow* are from Scotland. "Bob" Wringe, of the former, was associate skipper with Hogarth on the *Shamrock*, and George Parker, of the latter, was in charge of the Fife cutter *Senta*. The crews of the *Virginia* and the *Yankee* will be Scandinavians, while their skippers have been selected from the available list in this country. Much comment has been made on the importation of the skippers and crews of the *Mineola* and the *Virginia*. Some of these comments are uncalled for. There were really no American skippers with sufficient reputation to be secured, it was said, and there was no guarantee obtainable that the Scandinavian sailors would not be enticed from the yachts at the most inopportune moment. Again, the discipline and the loyalty of the crews to be picked up at random in this country do not compare with those abroad upon an average, and the frequent races which the cutters will have demanded that they should have a ship's company not easily secured by others. The question of patriotism lugged into the controversy has no foothold. The owners of the *Mineola* and the *Rainbow* do not lack this quality. Pure sport only is sought, and it may be had without an effort to obtain notoriety in a small way, or, either, to sacrifice one's independence. Many of the imported sailors may remain in this country, as have the Barrs, of whom "Charley" sailed the *Columbia* last autumn against the *Shamrock*, and sailed her well.

The season will also bring about interesting schooner races. The old rivals the *Amorita* and the *Quisetta* have met twice at this writing, in the Atlantic and New York yacht club regattas, and victory has fallen on both occasions to the former. The winds, however, were so fickle and so variable in strength that it is desired to see them in true and steady breezes before forming any conclusion regarding the value of the changes made to the yachts to appropriately fit them for the season's trials. With Mr. Gould Brokaw's absence in Europe the *Amorita* is in charge of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer and veteran yachtsman, and he has taken so much interest in the outcome of the year's work he has become young in his enthusiasm.

The American début of three well-known British designed and built yachts will be made during the month of July. The cutter *Isolde*, designed by Fife, has been purchased by Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt, N. Y. Y. C., former owner of the *Syce*, and she will be overhauled and refitted immediately after arrival. The cutter *Astrild*, designed by Watson, is now the property of Messrs. H. W. and A. G. Hanan, N. Y. Y. C., and she arrived at Greenport, New York, on June 14, at which place she will be prepared for early commission and racing. The Messrs. Hanan are young and capable yachtsmen, and with their *Acushlas*, first and second, won fame as amateurs. The cutter *Hester*, from the plans of Fife, has been purchased by Rear-Commodore Robinson, N. Y. Y. C., and she is now on the ocean, bound for this port. Commodore Robinson will have his boat in commission at the earliest practicable date, and it is likely will race her. The *Hester* will be in class H of single-masted vessels, which means that her opponents will be the new "seventies." The *Isolde* and the *Astrild* will be in class I, and against them, as the most formidable "home" candidate, will be the *Queen Mab*, also a foreign production, but of so many years in American waters she seems like a native production.

For the first time in seventeen years the flag-ship of the New York Yacht Club is a sailing-craft. Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard purchased the famous schooner *Colonia*, renamed her the *Corona*, and will race her on every available occasion. In truth, the yachtsmen of America may be congratulated upon the outlook and the prosperity of the manly sport.



THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

The Harvard-Yale Race

THERE has come about lately a change in rowing—a change that is of considerable interest to any one who appreciates the value of this sport. The average person does not realize it, because he does not pause long enough to draw comparisons from year to year. Nevertheless, the methods of choosing crews at Harvard and Yale and the methods of coaching them when chosen are quite different now from what they were six or seven years ago.

Then any one might see on the Charles River, or in New Haven Harbor, the Harvard and Yale crews going out of an afternoon—eight men in the 'varsity boat and perhaps four or five substitutes in the launch with the coach, ready to take a place in the shell if ordered to do so. Once in a while the 'varsity would get some crew made up of professionals to give them a trial spin. And so the little coterie of a dozen men trained on until middle June, then went to New London, and finally rowed out their race and won or lost.

At Harvard there were also four class crews, and a Freshman eight at New Haven, and that made up the rowing contingent of these two universities. There was no idea of a general stroke. Each year Yale kept pretty closely to what became known as the Cook stroke; each year Harvard tried something new. Men came to one or the other college absolutely without knowledge of shell-rowing, with the single exception of those who came from St. Paul's School, and had in each case to be taught the rudiments of this kind of watermanship. Hence it was a constant repetition of work on new material—a few new men who must be taught oarsmanship and the stroke of the hour, and then kept in the boat till graduation, because they naturally knew more about rowing than any others.

From this situation, which existed as late as five or six years ago, a very remarkable change has begun, which, if it follow out to its natural conclusion, will make rowing a very different sport in the future, not only at Yale and Harvard, but all over this country. For the moment the contrast is more evident at Harvard, because the new development has been carried further there than elsewhere. Instead of a 'varsity eight and four class crews there are to-day on the Charles something like thirty eight-oared crews, all rowing earnestly and well under the instruction of competent coaches—all rowing the same stroke, so far as the same stroke can be taught. The university crew is now merely the picking of the best men rowing in these twenty-five or thirty crews. The result is natural. Instead of searching out men who are built for rowing and persuading them to try for the crew, it is evident now that if a man has the making of an oarsman in him it will show up in one or another of the many crews rowing daily through May on the Charles, and he will naturally find his way to the 'varsity boat if he is good enough to force some poorer man out. Each man rowing practically the same stroke, changes can be made in the 'varsity eight at a later date than formerly, and vacancies caused by illness at the last moment can be filled with less trouble and less danger to the crew.

This means that a school of rowing is being built up at Cambridge, composed already of some two hundred men, from which a final and first eight is to be chosen to meet the rival college. It is a spin with a representative eight, not a crew dressed up for one race. And this change is sure in a short time to extend itself through Yale to most of the large colleges in this country, not only because graduate oarsmen will see its advantage as a feeder to their 'varsity crew, but because it creates enthusiasm in rowing, and for that reason ensures better crews.

In the same way, instead of St. Paul's standing alone among preparatory schools as having eight-oared rowing races, crews are beginning to crop up here and there among preparatory schools, and in a few years we shall have a contingent of men entering Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and so on, already intelligent and capable oarsmen, who will not waste the coaches' time by requiring instructions in the rudiments of the handling of an oar. All this is but the repetition of football history of the last ten years. It will make better crews; it will enlarge and spread abroad rowing interest, and it will give the 'varsity men, as well as hundreds of others, an opportunity, while serving as material for a 'varsity boat, to enjoy the sport, take part in a number of races during the season, and make that branch of athletics a truly university affair. Thus the great race with the rival university, or the series of races, such as are taking place between Harvard and Yale this year and last, of eights, fours, and single sculls, becomes the apex of the rowing season, instead of the beginning and end of all rowing in these two colleges for that year.

This is a material change. It has perhaps little to do with the winning or losing of a race in any one year, for an exceptional crew or an exceptional coach will win at any time; but if one university encourages such a school of oarsmen and the other does not, it means that eventually the former will surpass the latter in the majority of cases, while getting infinitely more out of the sport.

Will it make a difference this year? Some critics attributed Harvard's victories last year to this new growth at Cambridge, and that may be a correct diagnosis of the case. This year, however, there seems to be a general doubt as to the outcome. It would be unwise—in fact, impossible—to make any prognostication as to the result, yet the fact remains that Harvard has a stronger basis to work upon, could stand a severer strain in the way of losing men, and so on, and though she may lose in one or another of the races, she will rebound easier, come up another year in better form and with less hard labor than Yale, because of the change in the spirit of rowing.

At the present moment the Yale crew, however, stands perhaps a shade better of the two. The Harvard eight of 1900 is more uncertain, less known as to capacity for speed. The trial time rows of the New Haven crew at New London last week showed a remarkable capacity for getting through the water, and the more evident points in this year's stroke are its slowness—about twenty-eight to thirty to the minute—and the absence of a quick catch or quick recover. That is, the movement back and forth is more even and steadily carried out, with the consequent absence of check between strokes. The shell runs more smoothly than last year and seems to carry further between strokes. Harvard has a quicker stroke, planned to be the same as last year, though, after all, the stroke from one year to another varies, since it depends so much on the rowing of the stroke oar himself.

The make-up of the Yale crew will probably be as follows: stroke, Cameron; No. 7, Blagden; No. 6, Allen (captain); No. 5, Cross; No. 4, Kuntzig; No. 3, Brock; No. 2, Wickes; and bow, Mitchel. George Chittenden, last year's coxswain, will probably act in the same capacity this year. For the four-oared race the Yale men are likely to be—stroke, Williams, Hooker, or Brock; No. 3, Auchincloss; No. 2, Atkinson; and bow, Minor.

In the Harvard boats the men will probably sit as follows: In the eight-oar—stroke, Higginson (captain); No. 7, Sheafe; No. 6, Bancroft; No. 5, Ladd; No. 4, Shuebruk; No. 3, Wood; No. 2, Harding; bow, Biddle. In the four-oar—stroke, G. Bancroft; No. 3, McConnell; No. 2, Henderson; bow, Bullard.

Both crews are more nearly rowing the same stroke and using the same methods than ever before, except possibly last year. There is no new and peculiar feature to the stroke of either, but, on the other hand, the policy seems to be to pull a long and for this country very slow stroke, coming out and going into the water without any jerk or sudden movement, and putting in the maximum power just back of the right-angle position and carrying it to the end of stroke. After these ten years and more of trying new strokes, quick catches, quick recovers, leg, arm, and back movements without number, we are gradually settling into a very long slow stroke without any sudden movement to check the steadiness of the shell between strokes. That shell which runs steadily between strokes is the one which invariably wins, and we would say at this moment that the Yale eight-oar is slipping through the water better than Harvard's boat; but, on the other hand, the Harvard crew, composed of men chosen by a somewhat different method, will have men of more individual life, fewer habits, bad or good, and able to take hold in a race with more vigor and perhaps more general knowledge of rowing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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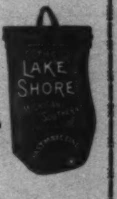

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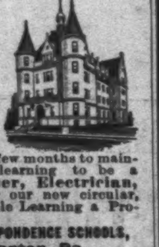

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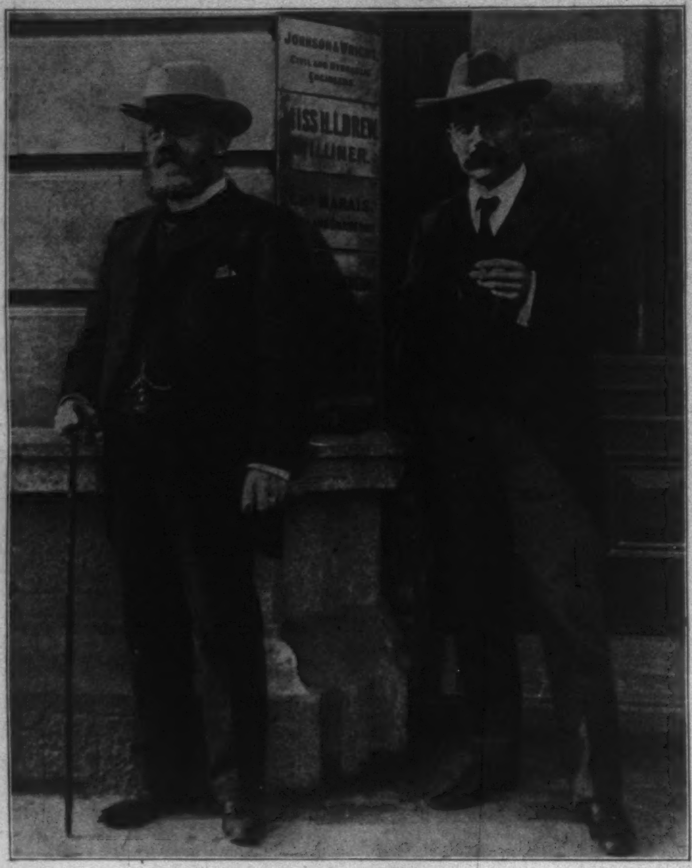

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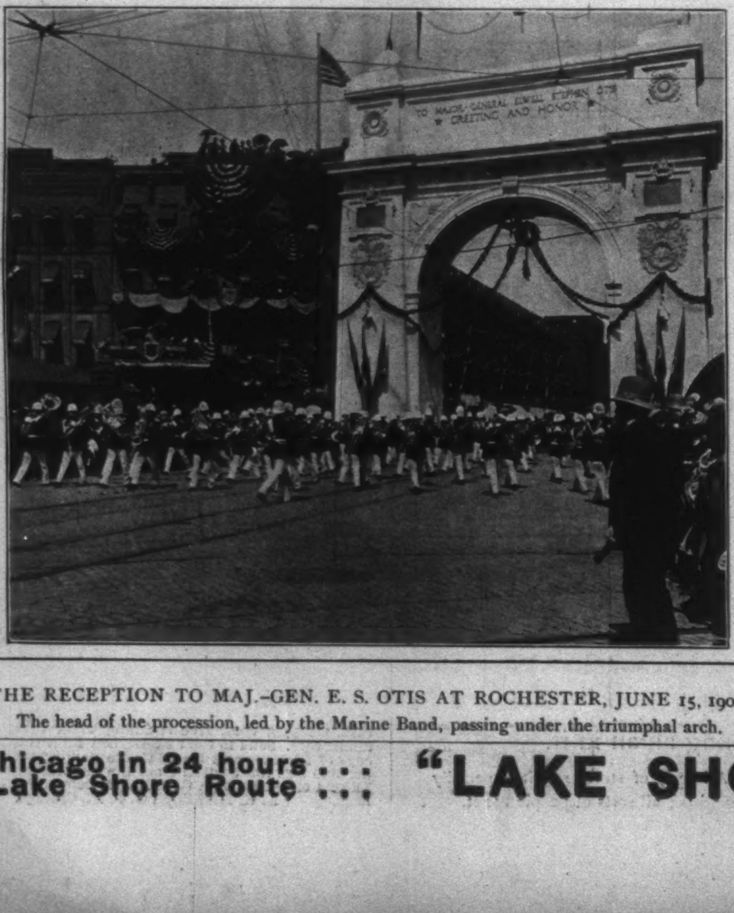
A RETROSPECT

THE years bring worldly wisdom,
And some of Learning's lore,
The laurel to the victor,
Or gold in shining store.

But faith that knows no failure,
The joy untouched by pain,
The light that lies in loving eyes,
Will not return again!

ERNEST NEAL LYON.



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HUSKY—THE WOLF-DOG OF THE NORTH.

By Jack London

NECK, from head to shoulders, a mass of bristling hair; sharp-pointed ears, long-snouted, lips snarling, fangs dripping; yelping rather than barking; wolfish of aspect and not nice to look upon when in anger—this is the husky, or wolf-dog, of the North. Much has been said of the Klondike, but these magnificent brutes, which in the beginning made that frigid El Dorado possible, have received little more than passing comment. Nor has this neglect been due to their being but the humble servants of the master, man. They are far from humble, as their wild ancestry attests. They may be beaten into submission, but that will not prevent them still snarling their hatred. They may be starved into apparent docility, and then die, suddenly, with teeth fast locked in a brother's throat, torn to pieces by their comrades. Rather, has little attention been accorded them because the interest of man has gravitated inexorably toward the natural, mineral, and social features of that far-northerly land.

But the husky is far from uninteresting. As a type of endurance, no better evolved product of natural selection need be sought. If ever a species has been born and bred of hard times, it has. Only the fittest, in a struggle for existence extending through a thousand thousand generations, have survived. And they are well fit. Domesticated by the savage autochthons of that forbidding region, they may not only account their remote ancestors as wild wolves, but often their immediate forebears.

It is a North-land aphorism that no man is a fit person to drive a team of huskies who cannot command the intensive adjectives and abjurations of at least two vernaculars, besides the one drunk in with his mother's milk. In fact, a dog-driver is near cousin to the army teamster. A mule is stubborn, and may manifest glimmering adumbrations of cunning; but the husky can be characterized as pertinacious, deceitful, sharp, and, above all, well capable of deductive reasoning. He will unerringly connect cause with effect. He is also an actor of no mean ability, concealing the most nefarious designs under the innocent exterior of a new-born lamb. In the old days, before the discovery of the Klondike, the men who freighted grub from Circle City to Birch Creek were wont to charge ten cents per pound more for bacon than for any other merchandise. And even then, so great was the responsibility, they reckoned that they lost on the transaction.

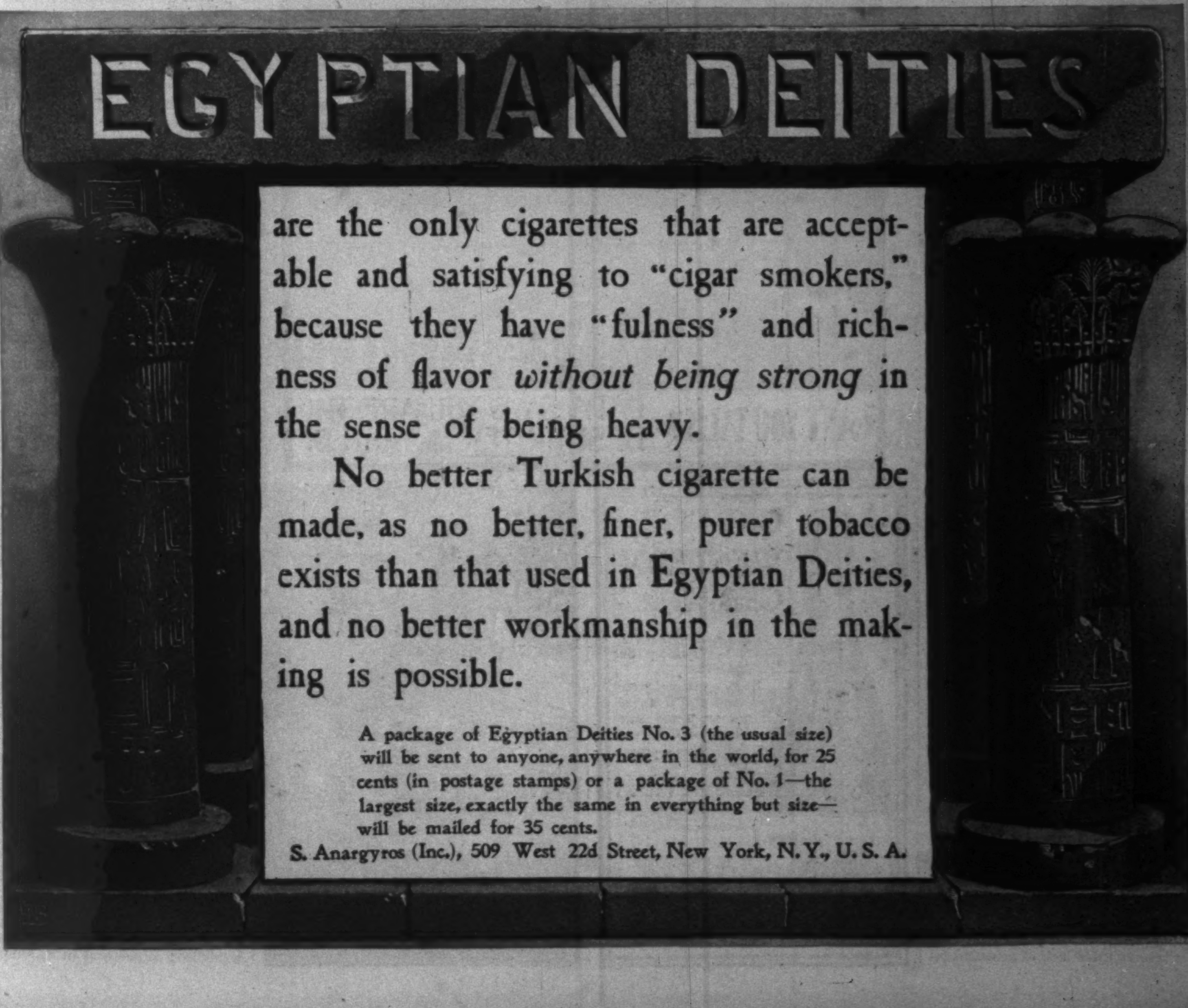
No white man, out of his own brain, ever successfully devised a way of tying up a husky. Rope or thong can resist their sharp teeth, at the best, for a very few minutes. But the Indian, through generations of travail, finally worked out the only method. He ties his dog up with a stick. One end of a pole is fastened so closely to the husky's neck that he cannot get at the thong with his teeth. The other end is made fast by another thong to a stake driven securely into the ground. Unable to free himself from his end, the intervening pole prevents him from getting at the other end. It is a very common sight to see these animals breaking the ice of a water-hole by rearing in the air and coming down upon it with their whole weight on their fore feet. As grub-thieves they have no equals, and unveracious Klondikers will not stop at telling of the husky which stole a can of condensed milk and traded it off at another camp, where they happened to be short of milk, for a piece of bacon. However, it is a fact that they do open condensed-milk cans and extract the contents.

In the summer-time, when the snow and ice are gone and man travels by canoe and poling-boat, the huskies are thrown upon their own resources. They do not work; wherefore should they be fed? Hence they become splendid scavengers and perform prodigies of benevolence in the matter of sanitation. Nothing escapes them. Not a bone but is cracked for its marrow; not a tin can but shines clean and bright on the inside. They are also excellent fishers, and during the salmon-run no dog goes hungry. This leaving the huskies to shift for themselves, gives rise to peculiar ethics in the North land. A man who steals food from another is shot down without mercy. But it is different in the case of the dogs. Should a man catch one, red-handed, gorging his last piece of bacon, he may not shoot him. If he does, the dog's owner can come down upon him for his value as a draught-animal. A miners' meeting usually settles the amount. Nor is this any insignificant sum, for the prices of sled-dogs range from one to five hundred dollars, and in times of need as high as a thousand.

They are superb travellers. Coming back light, the Circle City freighters thought nothing of making single runs of seventy or eighty miles. Fierce brutes though they be, the closest attachments often spring up between them and their masters, and when a man possesses a good dog or team he is not slow in bragging of it. In the annals of the country may be found the history of one dog-driver who wagered a thousand dollars that his favorite husky could start a thousand pounds on a level trail. Now the steel runners of a stationary sled will quickly freeze to the surface, and by the terms of the bet he was even denied the privilege of breaking the runners loose. But it was stipulated that the dog was to have three trials. The whole camp staked its dust upon one side or the other of the issue, and on the day of trial turned out *en masse*. The dog was hitched to the loaded sled, and everything made ready. "Gee!" the master commanded from a distance. The dog swung obediently to the right, shrewdly throwing his whole weight upon the traces. "Haw!" The manœuvre was duplicated to the left and the sled broken out. And then, "Mush on!" (the vernacular for "get up!"). The dog whined softly, driving his claws into the frozen trail, calling every muscle into play, digging away like mad. And in answer to this tremendous exertion, the sled slowly got into motion and was dragged several lengths. Let a man try the like and marvel. Of course it was an exceptional dog, but creatures are often measured by their extremes.

It is in fighting that they betray their most wolfish trait. As long as two combatants are on their feet there is no interference. The onlooking huskies merely crowd interestedly around, ready, however, for the first slip. And the instant one or the other of the dogs goes down, the whole band pitches upon him, and in the snap of a finger he is torn to shreds. The loss of more dogs is due to this than to any or all other causes combined.

A peculiarity they are remarkable for is their howling. It can be likened to nothing on land or sea. When the frost grows bitter and the aurora-borealis trails its cold fires across the heavens, they voice their misery to the night. Heart-breaking, sobbing, it rises like a wail of lost and tortured souls, and when a thousand huskies are in full chorus it is as though the roof had tumbled in and hell stood naked to the stars. No man can hear this for the first time and preserve the equanimity of that portion of his skin which lies contiguous to his spinal column. A certain literary gentleman, whose poems have been praised by Rossetti, by-the-way, but who is here nameless, journeyed into the Klondike during the Fall Rush of 1897. In the boat with him was his partner, also their two wives. All down the Yukon they encountered the most frightful stories of the famine then raging at Dawson. Not only is the Klondiker unveracious, but he is a clever colorist, so these gentlemen believed the lurid tales and were prepared to fight to the last for their grub. Unluckily they approached Dawson during the night. They knew they were very near and were keeping a good lookout. Suddenly, rounding a bend in the Yukon, a faint wail reached them. Straining their ears, it was supplemented by other wails, for all the world like the dying agonies of women and children and of strong men. One instant they debated. If this were the famine, as it surely was, they would certainly be torn to pieces in the mad scramble for their grub. They seized their oars in panic terror and made a wild rush for the bank, landing at Klondike City, and even the few men they there met could not convince them that it was only the nocturnal song of the husky. Nor would the wives permit the journey to continue till the gentleman whose poems had been praised by Rossetti went down on foot and made a personal investigation.



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FINANCE

BY A.K.FISKE

BEYOND doubt there is a lull in the material prosperity of which there was so much talk six months ago, and the present summer affords a contrast to that of last year. Then there were great activity in industrial operations, a lively promotion of new enterprises, and much speculation in stocks, with prices on the rise. Now there are a curtailing of production, a lowering of prices, and a general disposition to go slowly and cautiously for a while. It took some time to bring people to admit it, but there is no longer any doubt that we are having a mild reaction from a too feverish activity.

When President Gates, of the American Steel and Wire Company, first declared that there had been over-production in iron and steel and prices were pushed too high, he was charged with stock-jobbing purposes and roundly denounced; but whatever his motives, he told the truth, and ever since there has been a slowing down and a readjustment of prices. The process is not yet complete, but the works that have kept up their rate of production have been making special prices to get rid of accumulated stocks. There are new reports of the closing of mills and reducing of quoted prices every week, and by the time the summer is over there will probably be a full adjustment of supply and demand again, with a more steady rate of production and firmer prices. The exportation of iron and steel products at the lower prices is helping the process.

The stock-market in general has been very dull, but a leading feature has been the continued decline of the securities of the iron and steel companies in response to the condition of the business. Reports regarding the wheat and cotton crops of the year have continued unfavorable, and have produced an effect upon the stocks of the railroads known as the "Grangers" and the "Pacifics." It has a still greater effect upon the prices of the staples themselves, which are subject to lively speculation—at times. July wheat has been ranging up toward ninety cents a bushel, and cotton has been trying to reach nine cents a pound again. The weather is getting more settled in the agricultural regions, and other crop reports are more promising. There is no reason to look for disaster this year on account of the wheat and cotton crops. The short supply will be attended by higher prices.

The money-market of New York continues to be in a state of plenty and ease, which does not in the least stimulate speculation. Money can be had subject to call almost any day at the rate of one per cent., and seldom gets higher than 1½, and on sixty and ninety days' loans only 3 per cent. is asked. Commercial paper is discounted at 3½ to 4 per cent. A corresponding condition of ease and low rates prevails now in London, and it is much the same in Paris, but in Berlin rates are higher. There have been some liberal shipments of gold from here to Europe, and some people are disposed to deplore this, and attribute it to redundancy in our currency. But the metal has gone mostly to Paris, where the Exposition creates an unusual demand for bank payments, and to Berlin, where interest rates are high, and it has gone mostly in bars from the assay office, and not in coin from bank vaults.

The reserves of the banks have been slightly reduced, but are rising again. The government has drawn upon its deposits in the banks to a moderate extent, and for a time the Sub-Treasury receipts were exceeding the disbursements, but the redemption of the called two-per-cent. bonds and quarterly payments of pension money tend to restore the balance.

Foreign exchanges have been almost as quiet as those of this country, and there is a general lack of speculative activity and a slackening of business. Events in South Africa and China, which have great political significance, do not produce much financial agitation. They are not of a character to impair confidence in the future among commercial nations, and their effect upon markets is slight.

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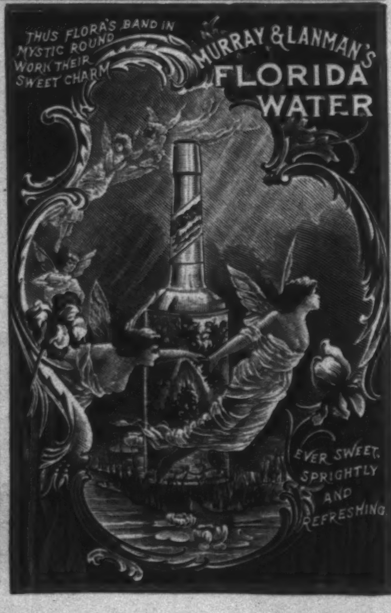
THUS FLORA'S BAND IN MYSTIC ROUND WORK THEIR SWEET CHARM
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
EVER SWEET, SPRIGHTLY AND REFRESHING

Through the Transvaal on Foot

BY EDGAR MELS

FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

AS a landscape, the Transvaal would not have pleased the late John Ruskin. As a place for a ramble, it is eminently unsatisfactory, for aside from the intense heat, shadowless stretches of arid, rolling prairie-lands, numberless ants and other insects, utter lack of accommodation for the traveller, and a dozen other drawbacks, the Transvaal from Johannesburg to the historic Majuba Hill is a most unpicturesque spot—or series of spots.

Imagination can scarcely conceive the seemingly endless miles of veldt, glowing like a veritable furnace, dotted every few yards by huge ant-heaps, baked to a stony hardness by the heat. As far as the eye can see—east, west, south, north—nothing save waves of ant-heaps, with here and there a low hill to break the utter monotony of the scene.

The grass, burned to a dirty brown by the sun's rays, lends melancholy to the already sad aspect of things in general. Above in the cloudless sky soars an aasvogel—a vulture—waiting for his meal—breakfast or luncheon or dinner, or all three. In huge sweeps soars the filthy bird, each evolution bringing it nearer to the carrion it has espied. A sudden swoop, and the bastard eagle has disappeared behind some ant-hill, satisfying his glutton cravings.

❧

A flash of white across the horizon, a dozen enormous bounds, and a dainty, graceful springbok has passed. Fawn in color, dotted with snowy white, with limbs like the greyhound's and a motion that is poetry itself, the springbok seems to melt into the heated vapor arising from the parched ground.

Then all is still once more, the noonday sun weighs crushingly upon the veldt, Nature herself seems overcome, and Mother Earth pants for breath.

❧

A change has come over the spirit of the scene. The sun is gone, and in its place there is a ghastly orb, anæmic in its whiteness. Higher and higher rises the moon, shedding a weird, uncanny light upon the scene. All things assume distorted shapes. There comes a Kafir, armed, striding along gayly. But no, it is merely the ever-present ant-heap.

Suddenly the stillness is broken. A terrifying, fearful, blood-curdling wail arises—the souls of the damned shrieking in agony to their Maker. Louder and louder grows the wailing, in ever-ascending cadence. Then comes a shriek, wild, despairing, then a silence that is all the more impressive.

Hyenas—scavengers of nature—are baying at the moon.

❧

A dense vapor is arising, veiling the scene in gray dampness. Slowly, seemingly with deliberate lack of haste, a flush of daintiest pink is stealing over the mist. Redder and more glowing grows the fog, deeper its color; slowly it melts into nothingness, until, amid an intense chill, the sun is born again, peeping forth like burnished gold between two ant-heaps.

Another South-African day is at hand.

❧

All this is not the emanation of the imagination, stimulated by remembrance of the past; it is a sober statement of a day and night on the South-African veldt by one who walked two hundred miles across it, from Johannesburg to Newcastle, Natal. There was no pleasant happening to soften the memory of that walk; the lack of food and water, the terrible heat, and the utter loneliness all impressed themselves too vividly upon the pedestrian's brain to be lightly or quickly eradicated.

Just why I walked is immaterial to this story. It was a question of walking to the nearest railroad or of starving in Johannesburg—so I walked.

❧

It was at the southeast corner that I made my exit from Johannesburg. Through a rocky defile I started, four days' provisions on my back and a grim determination to get back to America in my heart. So I struck out along the coach-road to Natal. On I walked, soon leaving all habitations behind me. The heat was intense, but dry.

At first my muscles, unaccustomed to the prolonged exercise, grew tired, then painful; then fatigue left me, and I went forward with automatic rhythm, unconscious of distance or time. Around the bend of the road I went and stopped. Two hundred feet below me, in a depression, lay Heidelberg, the centre of the Heidelberg district.

For sylvan beauty and pleasure to the eye Heidelberg ranks high. Almost hidden by trees, with snowy-white houses and dirty-gray inhabitants, Heidelberg was a relief after the monotony of the veldt.

❧

Heidelberg is likely to prove a second Johannesburg some day, for it is situated directly upon the eastern end of the golden crescent having Johannesburg at its centre and Klerksdorp at its western terminal. But aside from this distinction Heidelberg is pastoral in its simplicity.

Here I must digress a moment to state that I walked fifty-six miles the first day, until I dropped beside an ant-heap and slept the sleep of the just.

* * *

The loneliness of the veldt! Not a sound, not a living thing as far as the eye can see — nothing! Silence, oppressive, dense—apparently the silence of death pervades all. Oh, for the sound of a voice, the bark of a dog, the—anything that will make a noise!

I begin to sing, in a voice that would have frightened the Boer and British armies combined. The volume of my voice sounds like a broken tin whistle—that endless space was not meant for discord.

Again the silence is unbroken. I walk, head down; suddenly I stop. I am lonely! I can see nothing living, not even an ant. I feel uncomfortable; suppose I should be taken ill? I hurry on, quickening my pace with every stride.

At last something living seems near. Something is moving, and I run toward it; the gladsome friend to relieve the monotony of the walk is at hand. I am at a Boer farm near Paardekop (Horsehead).

* * *

Paardekop consists of a general store, three houses, a church, and the farmhouse. The latter is white, with red roof and shutters to match. Its interior furnishings antedate the great trek fifty years ago, but the hearts of the inhabitants are of the right kind. Van Beschoten is the name—of real Hollandish stock. The father, big of body, bearded like the proverbial Turk; the mother, built on the lines of a Dutch clipper of a couple of centuries ago.

And the children! Fourteen of them—fine healthy boys and girls, all anxious to be polite, all eager to hear about America—a land of more or less liberty.

The Boer has his faults, but as a whole-souled host he ranks far above the Briton. Once win the confidence and esteem of the Boer, and all that is his is yours. Once your friend, always your friend.

* * *

A tiny white cloud appeared in the sky, then another and another. Ten minutes later the sky was inky black and the thunder was reverberating in angry growls among the earthen billows of the veldt. Then the rain began—a perfect cloudburst.

Once more my luck stood me in good stead, for not a hundred yards away was a Kafir kraal, low and squatty, of thatched straw. I ran to it.

"Sacca boño," said a voice from an opening at the bottom of the beehivelike hut, the only opening in the structure. Knowing the greeting to be the friendly one of "good-day," I crawled on hands and knees into the hut. The memory of that scene haunts me still.

Through the fetid, damp, smoke-reeking atmosphere I could see the interior. In the middle of the dirt (and dirty) floor burned a fire of small twigs and dried manure. The smoke was stifling, and its smell beyond the power of mere words to picture.

Beyond the fire sat the proud owner of the place, a Swazie, literally enveloped in fat, black as night and greasy as lard. Dressed in an empty cartridge stuck through the lobe of his right ear, and watching me through his beady black eyes, he beckoned me to his side. I approached him, and as the atmosphere parted I beheld his matrimonial annex—three in number and twice as many in the matter of avoirdupois. Bowing a greeting to the ladies of the household, I squatted myself beside my voluminous host. With a grunt that would have done credit to a Chicago porker he passed a wooden pot to me. Within its interior rested some Kafir beer — a concoction of maize, apparently innocuous, but liable to send the partaker into temporary desuetude, as Mr. Cleveland might have said.

Half an hour later, half choked, I departed, for it had ceased to rain.

* * *

A turn of the road brought me to a low hill, at the base of which a number of white men were building a railroad. It was Laing's Nek, the spur of Majuba Hill. Another turn and the historic hill came into sight. I climbed to its summit, up its perpendicular sides.

Down below spread a magnificent panorama—the low hills of Zululand, dotted here and there by little silvery lakes; the dark Drakensberg, through which Buller may never pass; the barren veldt of the Transvaal—the lonely forgotten grave of General Colley, who commanded the British at the battle of Majuba Hill.

* * *

The next night I slept in Newcastle. I had walked eleven days on four days' provisions, but I had seen the Transvaal.

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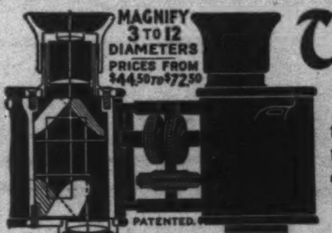

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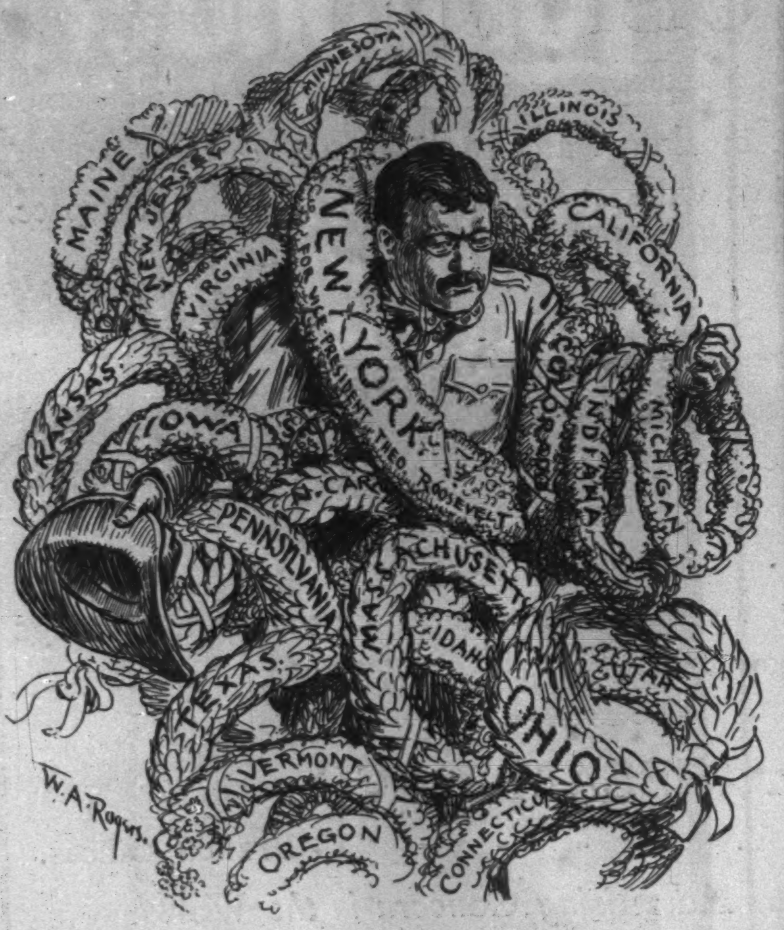
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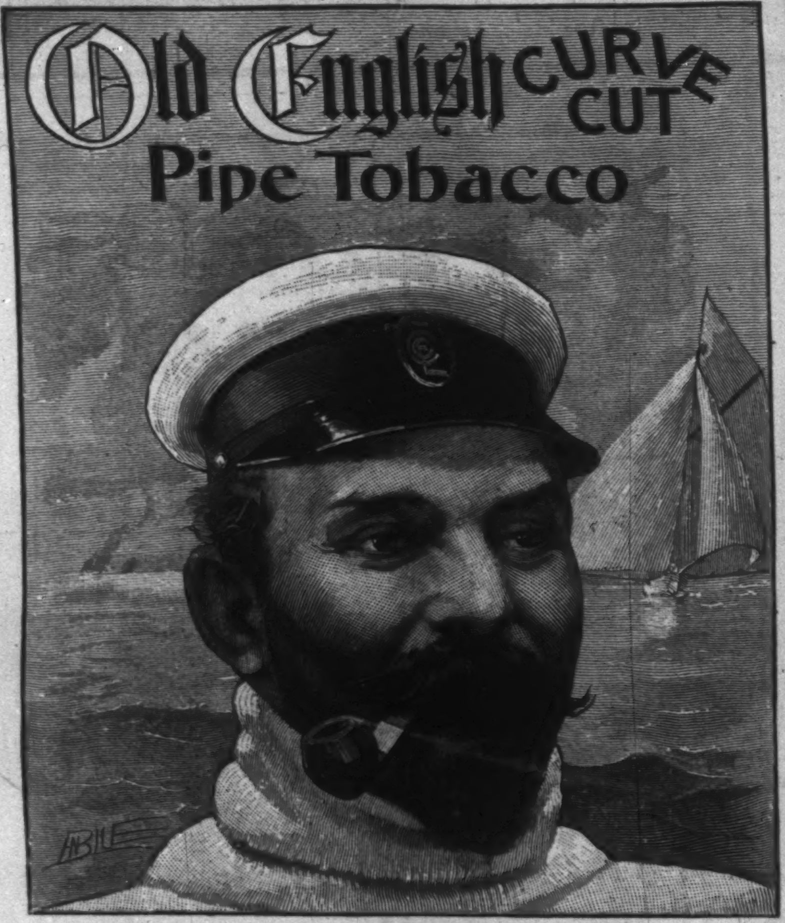
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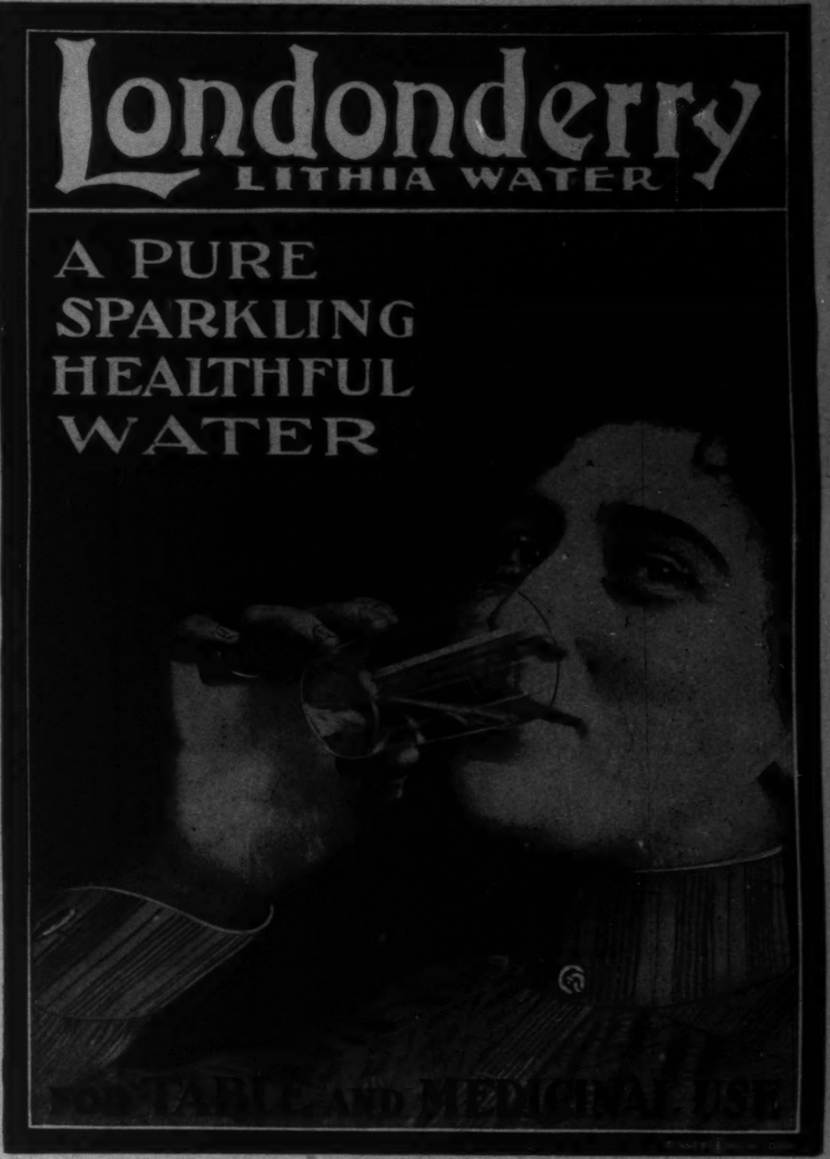

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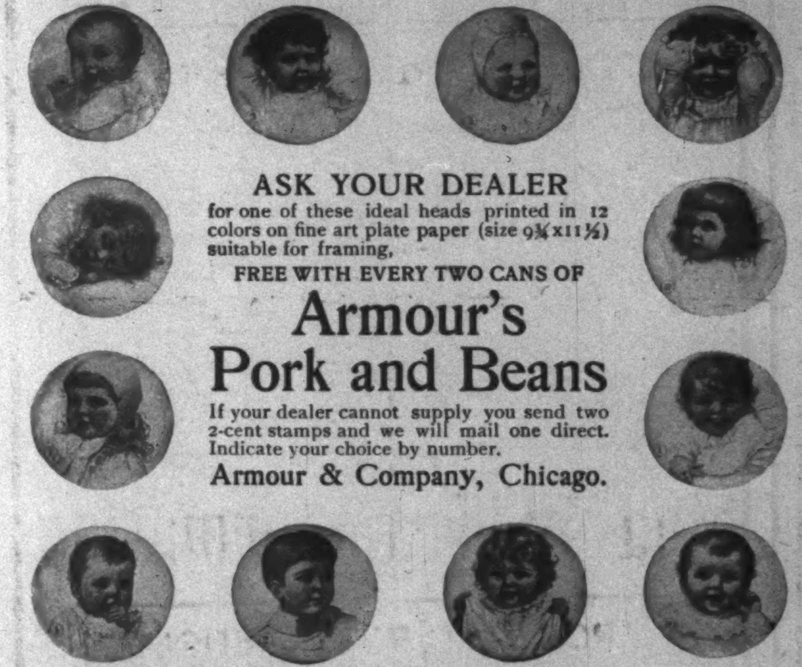

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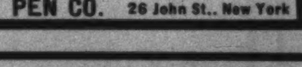

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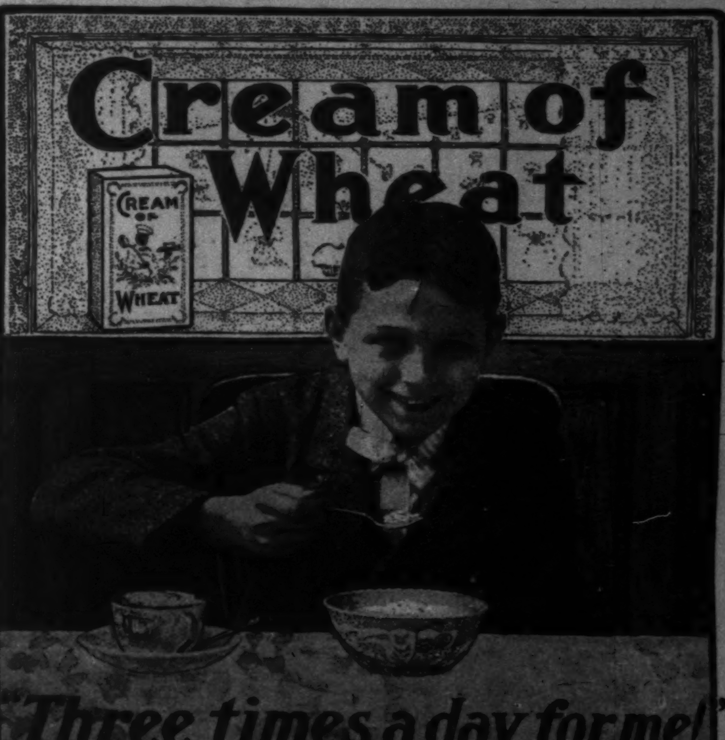

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